THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1800.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS

CHARLOTTA-AUGUSTA-MATILDA,

PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND, DUCHESS OF WIRTEMBERG,

Lady of the Imperial Order of Ruſſia of St. Catharine, &c. &c.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

" ——————— A woman enrich'd by
" Nature, made excellent by Education,
" Noble by birth, chaſte by Virtue, adorn'd
" By Beauty ———————
" The ornament of Heav'n, the grace of earth;
" The joy of life, and the delight of ſenſe;
" The very *ſummum bonum* of man's life!"

HER Serene Highneſs was born at Buckingham Houſe, on Monday, the 29th of September, 1766; and on the 27th of the following month was chriſtened, having for ſponſors the King and Queen of Denmark (repreſented by the Duke of Portland and the Counteſs of Eſſingham), and her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Louiſa-Anne in perſon.

As her Highneſs grew up, ſhe evinced a diſpoſition and talents that did more honour to her even than her high birth. Under the immediate care of her royal mother her tranſcendant virtues were cultured; and when matured, the fame of them reached the Court of Wirtemberg; the Hereditary Prince of which country (Frederic-Charles-William) offered his hand to the amiable Britiſh Maid, and was happy enough to be a ſucceſsful ſuitor.

The reigning Duke, his father, was a Catholic, having changed his religion from Proteſtant, in the view of becoming one of the German Electors; but in this object he was diſappointed. His ſon, however, was brought up in the Proteſtant perſuaſion; and was, therefore, approved at our Court as the future huſband of her Royal Highneſs, to whom he was united at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 18th of May, 1797.

On the 23d of September following his Serene Highneſs ſucceeded to the Dukedom of Wirtemberg, by the death of his father.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXIII.

AS a counterpart to Miſs Penroſe's letter in our laſt Number, we preſent our Readers with the ſubſequent, from her admirer. Did young perſons in general entertain ſuch exalted ſentiments of duty, and act towards each other with ſuch pure and delicate regard, we ſhould not ſo frequently ſee Hymen lamenting his fate, and the union of domeſtic intercourſe diſſolved by jarring paſſions and contending intereſts. To paint what is amiable in life and manners, has ſometimes a moſt powerful effect on thoſe who have not yet aſſumed a decided character; and if we could prevail on our youthful Readers to adopt the principles of Frederick Neville and Amelia Penroſe, we are aſſured they would find their own felicity in the practice; and we ſhould be happy in the reflection of exhibiting worthy examples of imitation.

MR.

MR. NEVILLE TO THE HON. WILLIAM EVERARD.

Neville Place.

"THE anxiety you expreſs, my dear Everard, for my happineſs, claims acknowledgments which I am not unwilling but unable to pay. To find a ſincere friend, to whom we may diſcloſe the feelings of a troubled heart, is a privilege as valuable as it is rare; and, while I ſee the reſt of my juvenile companions too eager in the purſuit of pleaſure themſelves, to find leiſure to attend to mine, I exult in the delightful reflection, that he whom I moſt eſteem proves himſelf moſt deſerving of my friendſhip.

"The ſun of gaiety and indifference is ſet on your Neville, and Venus leads on the day of genuine love. Why ſhould a cloud be in the horizon? Why ſhould care overcaſt the heart that can reflect without ſhame, or dread of deſerved cenſure? Yet ſo it is:——I love, and am unhappy!—not from an apprehenſion that my fair will prove falſe, or averſe to my vows; but from a father's prepoſſeſſions, which have deſtined me for a bride of family and fortune, whom I have never ſeen; a father, who would rather ſee me miſerable with a hundred thouſand pounds, linked perhaps to uglineſs and vice, than happy with my patrimony (which is ſufficiently ample) and Amelia! My hand, obedient to the impulſe of my heart, has diſcloſed her name, and I honour it too much to ſtain it with a blot! Amelia, then, is the charmer of your Neville; and without any *hyperbolical deſcription*, which you tell me you expect, I leave you to draw ſuch a picture of her perſonal attractions as may ſuit your own fancy, for you have ſeen and know her; but I will not truſt an eſtimate of her mental qualities to any perſon leſs acquainted with her than myſelf; and I hope I ſhall ever have the beſt opportunity of knowing and honouring all her virtues. In this, only, am I ſelfiſh.

"The matrimonial picture you ſend for my contemplation is not an original; there are numerous copies: and can infe-

licity in that ſtate be an object of wonder, when attachments are ſometimes formed at a ball, a play, or even from a caſual glance? More unnatural ſtill:——does not fortune frequently conſtitute the merit of the bride; or family intereſts prove a ſufficient pretext for a connexion indiſſoluble? Alas! miſery is too often of our own procuring; and we blame our unpropitious ſtars, when our execrations are due to ourſelves.

"I felt an attachment for Emily Penroſe before I underſtood the meaning of love; and I have often been rallied by my father on my fondneſs for the Vicar's little daughter, at a time when he did not ſuſpect that his jeſt would be realized. —You will pardon me that I did not ſooner diſcloſe the ſecret to your faithful breaſt. I ſtrove to overcome my partiality, in compliance with a father's views: in this filial duty was concerned; and I hope I ſhall never forget its claim, where its claim can be indulged without criminality; but I can neither marry the woman I hate, nor injure her I love. I have tried——by diverſifying the ſcene, by gaiety (I will not ſay diſſipation, for in that I never indulged)——to vanquiſh a paſſion, which, though pleaſing, I knew would be attended with pain. I now give up the conteſt, and ſubmit with reſignation to my fate!

"You will, perhaps, recollect the ſubſequent lyric Ode, which I ſhewed you at Eton after my return from a vacation. You was pleaſed to admire it, and eſteemed it a pretty compliment to my ſiſter, on whom you ſuppoſed it was written. I now reſtore it to the party for whom it was intended —to my Emily; and produce it as a proof,—that I did not wiſh to keep my flame from your knowledge, had you then poſſeſſed that keenneſs of diſcovery in love, for which you have ſince been ſo remarkable.

ON A YOUNG LADY OF TWELVE, BY A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN.

THE faireſt flower that ſips the dew,
And ſheds the rich perfume,
Than lovely Mira is leſs fair,
And leſs its beauteous bloom!

The

The roſe-bud, burſting into day,
By no rude touch defil'd,
Is not more pure than Mira's heart,
Nor vernal ſuns more mild!

If, Venus, with a fav'ring ear
Thou ever heard'ſt a pray'r,
This blooming flow'r protect and guide
With all a parent's care!

Let no rude ſtorm, no chilling air,
Prevent her op'ning charms;
And ſhould a danger hover near,
Oh, ſhield her in thy arms!

So when time ripens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth ev'ry ſweet,
In her each heart will own thy ſway,
And worſhip at thy feet!

"My deareſt Emily is now at Cheltenham, attending on a venerable father, whoſe courſe on earth ſeems almoſt run.—The unfeigned and unaffected regard ſhe ſhews to her aged parent ſerves to throw additional fuel on my love. How amiable does her concern appear for his eaſe, peace, and preſervation! Had I not loved her before, an opportunity of ſeeing ſuch captivating qualities would have inſpired me with real paſſion. I have always thought a good daughter was moſt likely to prove a good wife; and though, during the ardour of love, we may commend her who pays us a compliment at the expenſe of filial duty, no man, I am certain, can long approve a conduct which militates againſt the firſt principles of natural affection. 'Sentimental!' you will exclaim:—'paſt recovery!' Yes, my Everard, I am really changed: I have drawn my attachments into a narrow compaſs, and my wiſhes center in a few. You have ſtill a full ſhare of my heart; but perhaps you will deſpiſe the tame, thinking, love-ſick Neville, though you honoured him with every mark of your friendſhip when he ſeemed to himſelf leſs worthy of it, and ſtood in leſs need of it.

'Could you not take a trip to Bath?'—

"No, my dear friend; I am fearful my preſent conduct gives too great reaſon for ſuſpicion: and was I to come within forty miles of Cheltenham, the magnetic attraction of my love would draw me from prudential reſtraints, and I ſhould accelerate a diſcovery which I tremble to think of, yet know muſt ſometime appear. I dare not even write directly to my charmer, leſt her father, who poſſeſſes the moſt exalted notions of honour, ſhould think it incumbent on him to acquaint Sir William with my views, or ſhould feel his fond heart alarmed for a deſerving daughter's ſituation. I have therefore entruſted you with a ſhort billet to my Emily, merely to procure you acceſs to her. I leave the thouſand things I wiſh to ſay to my friend, my advocate, in whom I implicitly confide. Adieu, my firſt and trueſt friend. Be happy yourſelf, and uſe your beſt endeavours to procure happineſs for your faithful FREDERICK NEVILLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

AS you have recently made your admired Publication a channel of *Reproof*, as well as a ſource of *Entertainment*, I ſhall avail myſelf of the circumſtance, and become a champion in my ſex's cauſe.

Upon peruſing the title-page for the month of March, my attention was attracted by the appellation of *Inſpector*, and I expected that I ſhould read a rational diſſertation upon the various qualities of the human mind. How, then, Mr. Editor, muſt I have been aſtoniſhed, at finding that it contained a mere *ſatire upon women*, and tended to deſtroy the foundation of that paſſion which gives a charm and zeſt to life.

The *amiable* members of that *reſpectable* ſociety appear alike inſenſible both to love and friendſhip, and, with all the liberality of apathetic minds, profeſs to *ſcrutinize* for *imperfection!* Noble employment!—praiſeworthy purſuit! How well

well it becomes thoſe Lordlings of Creation to ſpend their lives in ſearching after failings!

Upon examining the ſketch of their rules and laws, I cannot but admire the eleventh article:—"Any member marrying a lady whoſe name ſtill appears on the regiſter, ſhall forfeit one half of her jointure."

Here, Mr. Editor, you muſt give me leave to obſerve, that the deſire of benefiting the ſociety ſeems to overturn every principle of juſtice; and their judgment apppears to no great advantage, in attempting to eſtabliſh ſuch an illegal rule. To what purpoſe could a wife require a jointure, if it was to be forfeited according to the huſband's caprice? Or how could he reconcile the idea of diſpoſing of property which neither law nor equity could make his own?

The levities and improprieties of which the Inſpector complains, are by no means attached to the generality of our ſex; and ſo ſeldom can we obſerve an appearance of irreligion, that the cenſure muſt be limited to a very few. That there are women who break through the barriers of decency, and reſign that delicacy which is their greateſt charm, I ſhall not even attempt to deny; but, becauſe *ſome* men are loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame, ſhall I aſſert that *all* are deſtitute of honour?

Thoſe who take upon them to reform the world, ought, certainly, to begin the experiment upon themſelves; and I am inclined to think that theſe cynical reclaimers would not be found quite infallible: ſome little portion of ill-nature and ſpleen, a ſcrutinizing eye would certainly diſcover; for, amidſt their anxiety for the welfare of mankind, the ſable tincture of revenge is ſeen. In ſhort, Mr. Editor, I am inclined to believe that the club is compoſed of *Old Bachelors*, who, mortified with the neglect with which they have been treated, have eſtabliſhed it for the purpoſe of having their injuries avenged.

The complaint of Cinthio in the ſecond number ſcarcely deſerves to obtain notice; for though the heart, at *every* age, requires ſomething to be attached to, I ſhould have thought,

at

at his, it might have made a worthy choice. If Cinthio's affections were beſtowed upon a flirt, are the whole ſex immediately to be accuſed of flippancy? And if he transferred them, like ſtock, to a coquet or prude, muſt they likewiſe be accuſed of trick and deception? Indeed, Mr. Editor, there is much illiberality in their ſentiments. If I were inclined to criticiſe upon their employment, there is ample ſcope for a ſatiric pen.

Amidſt the various imperfections which the Inſpector deſcribes as being peculiarly attached to the female ſex, I do obſerve one which has not extended its influence to the immaculate Sons of Prudence and Perfection. Irreligion, that vice ſo dangerous and deſtructive, derives its foundation from that ſource; and, though women are accuſed of impiety and prophaneneſs, to them is owing the deſtructive growth. Who is it that circulates thoſe dangerous tenets which aim at the ſubverſion of genuine Piety? Or who is it that endeavours to eſtabliſh Reaſon upon the baſis which Chriſtianity and Faith have reared?

Unleſs it can be proved that women are thus occupied, let them not be accuſed of weakening the cauſe of religion; and let it not be ſuppoſed that many are ſo depraved as to behave irreverently in the houſe of God.

Though vanity is a failing aſcribed to Females, the Lords of the Creation poſſeſs an ample ſhare; and if arguments were wanting to prove that they poſſeſſed it, the Inſpecting ſociety would confirm the charge. For, muſt they not have a good opinion of themſelves who undertake to reform the vices of the age? And ought they not to be free from every kind of blame, who magnify each weakneſs into a crime? That theſe ſage Counſellors poſſeſs a tolerable portion of vanity and conceit, may eaſily be ſuppoſed from the office they have undertaken: but, unleſs their plan was formed upon a more liberal foundation, there is little reaſon to ſuppoſe that any benefit will be derived from it.

I have only to hope, my dear Mr. Editor, that you will give no further encouragement to their deſtructive plan, but deny admiſſion to any future ſentiments which they may wiſh

to

to propagate through the channel of the Muſeum: by ſo doing, you will confer a laſting obligation upon

An Advocate for the Merits and Virtues of her Sex.

☞ Though the EDITOR cannot promiſe quite ſo much as his fair Correſpondent requires; yet he will be happy at all times to give inſertion to *her* ſtrictures as *Inſpectreſs* of the *Inſpector:* and in the *Notices to Correſpondents*, at the end of this Number, ſhe will perceive a proof of his vigilance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

AS you have promiſed to inſert my Dramatic Romance in your Miſcellany, I herewith tranſmit you a part of it. In hiſtory it is recorded, that the Count of Mountfort was detained priſoner at Paris during the ſiege of Hennebonne; but, in order to render the *denouement* more pleaſing, I have ſhifted his abſence in England to the above period; a liberty which I hope will be pardoned. Having failed in my hopes of its being preſented to the Managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (which I once expected, in conſequence of the numerous promiſes made me by thoſe in whom I too ſtrongly confided), I preſumed it might afford an hour's entertainment to the Readers of your admired Publication, and am ſure it will give the writer a more ſolid ſatisfaction than that of ſeeing it ſink into oblivion on the ſhelves of a library. If it ſhould call one tribute of applauſe from thoſe who condeſcend to peruſe it, my ambition will be gratified, nor ſhall I think my labours unrewarded. *April* 18, 1800.

Jane of Flanders;
Or, THE SIEGE OF HENNEBONNE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

BY S. W.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bretons—Fitzwalter, Raymond, Robert, Arnold, Count of Mountfort. Jane of Flanders, Cecilia.

French—Godemar, Le Marche, Felix. Marguerite.

Engliſh—Sir Walter Manny, Andrew.

Soldiers, Vaſſals, &c. &c.—Scene, Brittany.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I. *Evening.*

[*The country of Brittany: on the right, an extenſive range of mountains; a valley between them: in the centre, an arm of the Sea, which loſes itſelf among the rocks: on the left, afar off, a partial view of the fortreſs of Hennebonne.*]

Robert, Cecilia, *and a party of Villagers, dancing.* Arnold *at a diſtance.*

Chorus. Innocence our hearts entwining,
Happy is the peaſant's life,
Ev'ry eye with luſtre ſhining,
Free from buſtle, noiſe, and ſtrife.

Dancing thus, in youth and health,
Of peace and comfort ever ſure,
Oh, mark our joys, ye ſons of wealth,
And envy us who are ſo poor!

Cecilia. 'Tis not Wealth can give us pleaſure,
When dull Care muſt intervene;
But Content—that pureſt treaſure—
Makes the gale of life ſerene.

Robert. Where's the man, by Fortune favour'd,
With her richeſt honours crown'd,
Whoſe exiſtence is not savour'd
By the grief which ſpreads around?

Grand Chorus. 'Tis not wealth, &c. &c.

Robert. Well, friends, what think you of our innocent ſports? Ah! nothing is like a rural life to thoſe who wiſh for content.

Arnold (with a ſneer). Rural life, and content!—You're always finding out ſomething very happy that nobody elſe does. What the d—l do you ſee to laugh at, when the whole province is in arms, and your throat ſtands in danger every hour you live?

Robert. Never mind; don't let that make you uneaſy:—he muſt be a weak-ſpirited fellow, indeed, who would trouble himſelf about ſuch a calf's head as your's!

Arnold.

Arnold. Pray, let me aſk you a queſtion——Are not the brains of one man as valuable as another's?

Robert. Ay, of courſe, to thoſe who have any. But it isn't every fellow in the world that's ſo lucky. For inſtance; look round our village, and I dare ſay you'll find ſome without. Nay, I don't know whether there may not be one of us here in that condition. What ſay you?

Arnold. You love to exerciſe your puny wit at the expenſe of others.

Robert. I'm glad the cap fits, Arnold. But, come, let us baniſh mirth, and join in the common cauſe: our country demands our ſervices; and periſh the man, who, when oppreſſed by villany, will not raiſe his arm for freedom!

Old Man. Pray, Robert, what is the cauſe of all this uproar in the neighbourhood?—for, by St. Peter, I can get no intelligence. One can't ſtop to tell me, he's in ſuch a hurry; another ſays, I'm an old man, and have nothing to do with it: but they forget that this weak arm, which can now ſcarce hold a crutch, once brandiſhed a ſword, and helped to purchaſe the joys which now they feel.

Robert. I'll tell you the whole ſtory. You are all acquainted with the diſpute between the Count of Mountfort and the King of France's nephew, reſpecting the right to this dutchy; therefore that part I ſhall paſs over. But now comes the circumſtance that will raiſe your martial fire, and make indignation puſh you to vengeance.

Old Man. Well ſpoken,—thou long-famed oracle of our village!

Robert. The Count of Mountfort, for whom the greater part of the province has declared, made a voyage ſome weeks ago to England, for the purpoſe of ſoliciting his claim to the Earldom of Richmond, devolving to him by the death of his brother; and, during his abſence, thoſe villanous Frenchmen, with the treachery and ambition for which they are renowned, have invaded our country, and, regardleſs of her ſex, chaſe his innocent and helpleſs wife from place to place with unrelenting cruelty! What ſay you to this?

Villagers.

Villagers. Revenge!

Arnold. What have we to do with it, I aſk?

Robert. Bridle your vicious tongue.

Arnold. Bridle the d—l! Don't tell me. You'll run your head into danger for one or other of the parties; and to ſhew you his gratitude, after he has ſucceeded in taming you, he'll ſtop your complaints with a ſnaffle.

Robert. You are unworthy of notice. To you, friends, I addreſs myſelf. Do not deſpair; for Jane of Flanders, Counteſs of Mountfort, bids fair to brighten every proſpect. —Bleſſings on her noble-minded courage, which has prompted her to become a volunteer in her huſband's cauſe! Beſides, the Count himſelf is expected to return very ſhortly, and with him a powerful body of thoſe intrepid and courageous Engliſhmen, whoſe pleaſure is to cruſh Oppreſſion, and worſhip Virtue!

Arnold. Ay; and, by my hopes of mercy, I ſuppoſe there will be pretty butchering work here in a few days!

Robert. Comrades!—if you have any ſpark of loyalty—any wiſh for liberty—imitate the ſplendid pattern!

Villagers. Let us haſte to the banners!

Arnold. Weugh!—Building caſtles in the air, as uſual! ——Juſt like you, Robert. Your patriotiſm and hot-headed fury claſh together like flint and ſteel, and ſtrike fire at the firſt touch.

Robert. Already my ſoul burns with impatience to join the martial hoſts of injured Brittany! 'Midſt the clangor of battle, and the warlike blaſt of the trumpet as the ſignal for death, how will our hearts beat with ſatisfaction, to think—that we are ſtruggling for the rights of our country!—To Glory!!

Villagers. To Glory!!

Arnold. Ay!—and, take my word for it, when ſome of you have got a diſh of cold ſteel crammed into your guts, you'll find that glory is but coarſe fare.

Robert. Silence, imp of Diſcontent!

[*To be concluded in our next*]

The

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 264.]

CHAP. X.

IN the morning the family aſſembled round the breakfaſt table, when Don Carlos again reſumed his narrative.

"As my father approached the cottage he perceived Paulina ſeated at the door in an elegant riding-dreſs. He ſtarted at beholding her; for, if her figure had once charmed him by the gracefulneſs of her make, it was ſtill more conſpicuous now habited in the moſt faſhionable mode. She ran towards him—'Ah! Seigneur, I thought you had forgot Paulina.'

"He embraced her with rapture, and obſerved ſhe had been in tears, which he attributed to her fear of his falſifying his promiſes. He ſoothed her with many endearing expreſſions.——'Oh,' cried ſhe, gaily, and with an arch glance, 'you muſt not talk ſo, for it is too much like what Felix uſed to ſay. But I am glad you are come; for Antonia could not believe me when I told her you meant to marry me, but laughed at me, and threatened to ſend me back to my parents.'

"She then returned, led by Don Pedro, to take leave of her friend, and with exultation mentioned the home provided for her. My father could ſcarcely help bluſhing for her ſimplicity; but he conſoled himſelf with the thought that it proceeded from an honeſt and ingenuous heart. His father received Paulina with coldneſs, although in his heart he did not ſo ſeverely condemn Don Pedro as he imagined he ſhould have had cauſe to do; ſo much did Nature, Beauty, and Innocence, claim admiration, when unaſſiſted by Art, which too frequently defeats its own purpoſe, by deſtroying that which it was meant to promote.

"Not to fatigue you with too circumſtantial a deſcription;—they were married, and for ſome time enjoyed the moſt

perfect felicity. My father indulged his wife in every thing to excess, and soon saw his Lady enter with avidity into every scene of dissipation. So suddenly raised from an obscure situation to such an exalted rank, it is not to be wondered at if her head forgot its humility, and her mind (weakened from want of cultivation) the more readily yielded to the fascination of shew and luxury. Her husband saw the sudden change with pain.——'Unhappy girl!' said he, 'had I left her in the situation Nature formed her for, how many hours of uneasiness had been spared us all! Now, too late, I see the effects of yielding to my headstrong passion.—Such a glaring disparity of birth and fortune can never be attended with happiness.'

"Reproach followed remonstrance; and Paulina, intoxicated with vanity, engaged openly in that kind of intrigue so common in an unprincipled character. He, however, fondly hoped that, when she became a mother, she would begin to reflect seriously upon her duties. But, alas! he was most cruelly disappointed; for the temporary confinement she was obliged to submit to added fresh poignancy to her relish for the pleasures of which she had been for a time debarred. I was almost entirely neglected by her within a few weeks after my birth; but the affection of my father atoned in some measure for my mother's neglect.

"Suffer me, Ladies," said Don Carlos, with a sigh, "to draw a veil over the error of my unhappy parent. Suffice it ——her imprudence was such as to overwhelm Don Pedro with shame and anguish, and made a separation necessary.—My grandfather did not long survive this; but as he had ever favoured me with the greatest share of affection, he was not unmindful of me in his will. He also, compassionating Paulina, who was again pregnant, bequeathed the sum of five hundred pounds to her child, either male or female, independent of its parents.

"For several years my father heard but aggravating accounts of the misconduct of Paulina, until a few weeks since, when he received a letter, dictated from the death-bed, as he supposed,

ſuppoſed, of my unfortunate mother; petitioning for his preſence and pardon: adding, that ſhe had an affair of the utmoſt conſequence to impart to him. Dated from an obſcure cottage near Lyons.

"My father loſt no time in preparing for the journey; but he unfortunately falling ſick about ten leagues from home, and not willing to let his once-loved Paulina expire without one friend to cloſe her eyes, ſent me forward; and I was haſting thither when the accident happened which has introduced me to your charming family."

The narrative ended, he received the thanks of the Counteſs for his confidence; and he ſoon imparted to her, wiſhes of a nature ſhe had already ſuſpected him to have formed. Convinced that Louiſa did not behold him with indifference, ſhe referred him wholly to her; and cheered him with the ſuggeſtion, that he would not receive a ſevere rejection, which Louiſa bluſhingly confirmed; and it was fixed that their union ſhould take place as ſoon as the affairs of his own family would admit, provided it met with the concurrence of Don Pedro.

His health being then perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, Don Carlos prepared to ſet forward on his journey: and having conceived a great friendſhip for Alfred, requeſted the Counteſs to permit him to accompany him. This Adelaide, who plainly perceived that the unſettled ſtate of his mind was gradually impairing his conſtitution, gladly conſented to; happy, by that mean, to amuſe him, and divert his thoughts from the fatal point to which they adhered. Their parting was pathetic on all ſides; and Alfred, who had never before been ſeparated from his mother and ſiſter, hung on them with a fondneſs, that made Don Carlos envy him the privilege of being ſo near the object of his affection. Almoſt inarticulate adieus were uttered on either ſide, and the youths purſued their way, for ſome time, in mournful ſilence. Change of ſcene gradually wore away their regret, and they reached the place of their deſtination without any material adventure.

CHAP. XI.

ELLINOR remained ſome time on the ground where the horſe had thrown her, without power to move. Upon opening her eyes ſhe beheld a venerable man bending over her with looks of compaſſion.

——"Unfortunate creature!" ſaid he in the mild accents of benevolence: "by what chance do I ſee you in this ſtate? Your ſtrange attire would make me dubious of your ſex, did not your beauty lead me to believe you a female."

Ellinor now, glancing her eyes over her dreſs, for the firſt time, perceived the groteſque appearance ſhe made with the cloak and hat of the robber over her own tore and ſoiled white robe.

——"Ah! father," replied ſhe, "I am, indeed, an unfortunate girl; an outcaſt from family and friends; marked from my earlieſt years a daughter of Sorrow!"

"Then doubly welcome you ſhall be," ſaid the Recluſe, "to what my humble ſtate affords; to ſuch I ever lend my feeble aid. But try, my child—— cannot you exert ſufficient ſtrength to accompany me to my cell? It is not far diſtant."

Ellinor, aſſiſted by the Hermit, roſe; and, leaning on his arm, was led by him to his neat little habitation, cut in the cleft of a rock. He ſoon procured her a delicate repaſt of fruit, ſallads, and the milk of a tame goat, who conſtantly and voluptuouſly ſupplied him, of which ſhe partook with pleaſure.

Finding her ſtrength much recruited, ſhe related her adventures to her hoſt, who liſtened to her with a mixture of pity and aſtoniſhment; and when ſhe declared her intention of journeying to Paris, he ſmiled; and, ſhaking his head, ſaid——

"Ah! poor child!—what is it you purpoſe? Alike innocent and ignorant, it will be impoſſible for you to travel acroſs the country in the way you deſign. Your tender limbs will not ſupport you through the fatigue of your journey. Here you

you ſhall find a ſafe aſylum. Reſt, then, a ſhort time, and I will deviſe a plan for your more convenient removal."

Ellinor thanked the good man with tears in her eyes, and put herſelf, without a ſcruple, under his direction. Conſcious of the impropriety of her preſent appearance, as well as to divert the time that otherwiſe hung heavy on her hands, ſhe ſet herſelf to work; and, fortunately having her materials about her, ſoon made for herſelf, from the camblet cloak of the robber, a comfortable dreſs; her own white robe ſerving for a veil, under which ſhe confined the exuberant treſſes of her beautiful hair. Pleaſed with her contrivance, ſhe looked down upon herſelf with complacence.

——"Ah!" ſighed ſhe, "could Alfred but ſee me now, he would ſurely ſmile!"

A tear fell upon her neck; ſhe recalled her wandering thoughts, and, ſeeking her pious friend, opened to him her mind, and received from him mild admonition, and religious conſolation, to comfort her wounded ſpirit. The Hermit ſoon became ſo much attached to his lovely companion, that he dreaded the day of ſeparation, and fondly ſolicited her to give up her plan, to ſooth by her kind offices his laſt hours. —Careleſs of her deſtiny, and uninſpired by ambitious views, gratitude forbade her deſerting him, and ſhe aſſented without a murmur to his wiſh. All their wants were ſupplied (for they had but few) by an old woman who conſtantly attended at the cave, and received for her reward all ſhe demanded—the bleſſings and prayers of the good man.

It was the conſtant cuſtom of Ellinor to ramble in the woods, where ſhe gathered wild fruits to crown their ſimple meals; and often, loſt in her own reflections, ſhe wandered over the trackleſs waſte. In one of her excurſions ſhe had ſo far exceeded her uſual bounds as to be ignorant of her road; and, looking round her with diſmay, beheld, not many paces from her, a neat cottage. The ſcenery all round was remarkably beautiful, and ſhe ſat herſelf down upon the ſtump of a tree, to indulge in the pleaſing ſenſation which the proſpect inſpired.

She had not ſat long before the door of the cottage opened, and a Lady iſſued from within, leaning upon the arm of a *payſanne*. Her figure had an air of faſhion, which the ſingularity of her drapery aſſiſted to heighten. A long black veil, which depended from her head, was partly thrown back, and diſcovered a pale and emaciated viſage, in which might be perceived ſome traces of former beauty. She appeared to be worn down by ſickneſs and ſorrow, and her fine eyes were caſt to the ground with a look of ſettled deſpair.—Ellinor contemplated her with ſurpriſe, and, riſing, would have retired; but the Lady, at that inſtant raiſing her eyes, perceived the timid Ellinor, and ſtarted with a ſudden expreſſion of terror; then, gazing at her wildly, waved her hand for her to approach. Ellinor, filled with an indeſcribable ſenſation of awe, obeyed, and bent her knee to the ground. The ſtranger extended her hand with a ſickly ſmile, and with a feeble voice ſaid——

"Bend not!——a miſerable mortal like me demands no homage. But ſay, who art thou—whence doſt thou come, to raiſe in my mind a troubled viſion? Such as thou art I once was: but now, how changed! Oh! ſpeak, and eaſe my doubts!"

Ellinor looked in the face of the ſtranger: it was illumined with a gleam of expectation, which was greatly changed when Ellinor replied——

"My tale, Lady, is long and ſad; nay, tinctured with ſuch an air of myſtery as renders it almoſt incredible. I am a deſtitute orphan; my time is now ſhort; the Hermit of the wood has been the preſerver of my life, and he now requires my attendance; yet I feel a ſecret impulſe to acquaint you with my ſtrange adventures, and receive from you that advice I ſo much need. May I hope to ſee you again?"

The ſtranger aſſured her of a ready welcome; adding——"You know me not, or you would no longer torture the feelings of a victim abandoned by God and man!"

Ellinor preſſed the hand ſhe held to her boſom with tenderneſs, and aſſured her ſhe would be with her early the following

ing morning. She then ruſhed into the wood, and, with ſome difficulty, found the trodden path that led to the hermitage, where the good old man ſat impatiently waiting her return. She related to him her adventure. He congratulated her upon her proſpect of ſucceſs; and adviſed her by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of the ſtrange Lady; cautioning her at the ſame time not to place a too haſty confidence, until ſhe was fully convinced of the integrity of her whom ſhe was about to truſt. Ellinor promiſed implicitly to follow his advice, and with a heart lighter than uſual retired to reſt.

As ſoon as Ellinor roſe, ſhe hurried on her clothes, and haſtened through the wood, in hopes of obtaining an interview with the ſtranger whoſe firſt appearance had ſo much intereſted her. Expectation lent ſpeed to her feet, and ſhe arrived at the door of the cottage in a few minutes after ſhe quitted the hermitage. She expected the Lady would have been out ready to meet her, and was much diſappointed to find no one ſtirring. All ſeemed in ſolemn ſilence. She tapped gently, and wiſhed admittance with a palpitating heart. The young *payſanne* appeared, and motioning for ſtillneſs, whiſpered——

"I am glad you are come: my Lady has been wiſhing for you ever ſince. She is much worſe to-day; and I fear ſhe will not live long."

"Wiſhing for me!" exclaimed Ellinor: "is it poſſible?——Oh, lead me to her!"

The girl drew back the curtain of a ſmall bed, where lay the ſtranger ſtruggling with the pangs of death. She ſtretched out her hand to Ellinor——

"Sweet girl!" ſaid ſhe, "you are charitable: I feared you had forgot your promiſe. Sure, Heaven, as a token of its forgiveneſs, ſent you hither at this critical moment, when I expected to die in this wretched ſolitude, without having one to whom I could reveal a ſecret that lies heavy at my heart. Yet, alas! I fear the confidence I am about to place in you will loſe me your favour and friendſhip, from which I promiſed

promiſed myſelf a gleam of comfort during the few remaining hours of my miſerable exiſtence."

"Impoſſible!" cried Ellinor, preſſing her hand. "I feel, that, whatever your faults may have been, I muſt overlook them. This is not a time to drive, by unjuſtifiable ſcorn, the repentant ſinner to deſpair!"

"Enough," ſaid the Lady, taking a ſmall packet from under her pillow, which contained ſeveral letters: "promiſe me that you will, after my death, find ſome method of conveying theſe letters, each to the perſon to whom they are reſpectively directed."

Ellinor caſt her eyes upon the ſuperſcription of one: it was addreſſed to the Count St. Oſwald. A deadly paleneſs overſpread her face, and her lips tremblingly pronounced—"My father!"

"What!" ſaid the ſtranger, raiſing herſelf up, with horror and ſurpriſe pictured in her countenance:——"ſaid you —*your* father! Tell me——oh! tell me——who was your mother——and how old are you?"

"My mother," replied Ellinor with tears, "was the unhappy Lady Clementina Valmond; for ſome time ſuppoſed wife to the Chevalier Dufour: the old Count was then living.—I am juſt twenty."

The ſtranger would ſcarcely give her time to conclude before ſhe threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming—

"Ah! no——I am thy mother!"

Ellinor fainted in her arms. With ſome difficulty ſhe was recovered; but the Lady ſeemed ſo much agitated, that it was judged prudent to refrain from any further converſation; and Ellinor, after imploring and receiving the benediction of her mother, retired to the Hermit, and aſtoniſhed him with the diſcovery ſhe had made.

On the following morning ſhe returned at an early hour to the cottage, and as ſhe approached was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſervant at the door holding a ſpare horſe by the bridle. As ſhe drew nearer, ſhe heard voices in earneſt converſation within.

She

She entered, and beheld lying on the bed a young man of elegant appearance. The Lady, inſtantly perceiving her, ſaid——

"Approach, my child———Ellinor, behold thy brother!"

She ſtarted, and ſurveyed the Gentleman with fear; but it was not Alfred! Her heart ſickened, and ſhe knelt beſide her mother to conceal her diſtreſs. The Lady continued—

"Heaven is juſt!——I am not permitted perſonally to receive the forgiveneſs of that injured man! But, oh! my ſon, tell him, that with my expiring breath I petitioned only for his pardon!"

Don Carlos (for it was the unhappy Paulina who lay in the pangs of death) could no longer reſtrain his tears, but, kneeling beſide Ellinor, ſaid—

"Grieve not, my dear mother; be aſſured you have it:—and if the prayers of your children can avail, you ſhall be happy."

"Ceaſe to afflict me thus! I am undeſerving of your love," ſaid Paulina. "However, it will not be long. A letter, which is in the poſſeſſion of Ellinor, will explain all, and ſpare me a recital that would harrow up my ſoul. You are at liberty to read it, and ſhew it to Don Pedro. Preſent to him, alſo, his lovely, much-injured daughter, Ellinor!"

Paulina ſtruggled ſome hours in ſtrong convulſions, and at length expired in the arms of Ellinor, who was deeply affected with the tragical ſcene. It was then agreed that Ellinor ſhould wait with the corpſe of her mother till Don Carlos could make the neceſſary preparations for her interment, when his ſiſter ſhould return with him to be preſented to Don Pedro.

Ellinor, not wiſhing to appear ungrateful to the pious Hermit, informed her brother of her intention of returning to thank him for his paſt kindneſs, which was immediately agreed upon; and ſhe repaired to the hermitage of her old friend, who both condoled with and congratulated her upon the late event.

"My

"My child," ſaid the Hermit, "you ſee, in the late diſpoſal of affairs, the juſtice of Omnipotence! For virtuous perſeverance you are rewarded by the probable attainment of all your wiſhes. But, for the future, let prudence, as well as rectitude of intention, be the guide of your actions; nor ruſh blindly into dangers, which, by reſolution or ſtrength of mind, you might avoid. All this might have been brought about without your precipitating yourſelf into the troubles and inconveniencies you have done, when, by patience under affliction, you might have more truly evinced your pious reſignation to the will of the Supreme. Do not weep, daughter. I mean not to reprove. I am ſatisfied with the piety of your heart, but wiſh to teach you more ſteadineſs of mind; for uprightneſs of mind is not alone ſufficient to ward off the ills of life. Farewell, my child. May you be happy."

Ellinor bathed the old man's feet with her tears; and, after promiſing to attend faithfully to all his injunctions, retired to the cottage, to watch the corpſe of her mother.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

DIOGENES AND GLYCERE.

[From the French of Prince Baris de Galitzin: a Grecian Story, imitated from the German of Wieland.]

YOU do not then believe, Gentlemen, in thoſe pure ſouls, which, like beauty, become more ſeducing, in as much as they owe nothing to art?

I was fortunate enough, one day, to refute a ſophiſt, who denied motion,—by walking before the inſenſate!

Shall I demonſtrate to you, in like manner, that ſuch ſouls really exiſt? I could eaſily occaſion ſome doubts; but to what purpoſe? It is not what you and I think of each other that makes us better or worſe than we really are. I would only ſuppoſe that I am relating my little ſtory to the beautiful Pſyché, or thoſe that reſemble her. I cannot prevent any perſon from hearing it; the whole aſſembly of the Amphictyons

Amphictyons may be preſent, but I will not retrench one ſyllable of it on that account.

I lived formerly, as you know, or as you do not know, in the city of Athens, to inſtruct myſelf in the diſcourſes of Plato, and the life of Antiſthenes.

One afternoon, while loſt in contemplation, as I was walking alone under the arches of the Ceramique, being already dark, except ſome few places which remained feebly lighted from a number of fires in a houſe not far from thence, by the aid of which I perceived, at a diſtance, a perſon who advanced with ſlow ſteps towards me: the ſhadow which preceded her, and waved along the wall, was what firſt ſtruck my ſight.

I immediately ſaw it was a female; and, on coming nearer, ye gods!—what was my ſurpriſe!—a young nymph, from ſixteen to ſeventeen years of age, of the moſt charming and engaging figure! She was thinly clad; and her boſom, which might vie with that of Hebe herſelf, as well as other parts of her perſon, were half open to my view; her flaxen hair, that hung in ſpreading ringlets down her back without reſtraint, floated at the pleaſure of the zephyrs.

The ſight of her gave me ſome uneaſineſs; but this was nothing to what followed. Scarcely had the young perſon perceived me, when ſhe threw herſelf involuntarily into my arms, and ſenſeleſs.

Recollecting myſelf, however, after a moment, I paſſed my right arm round the body of the young Unknown, in order to ſupport her, and led her in this ſituation to a ſmall cell that I had hired at the Ceramique. She ſuffered herſelf to be conducted there without uttering a word. Depreſſed by the weight of her woe, her ſtrength ſeemed to have abandoned her.

Arrived at the Ceramique, I placed her on a couch to reſt, which, by the bye, was little ſhort of inſpiring voluptuous ideas. I lighted my lamp, and then contemplated the young perſon with all the attention her charms excited.

Her

Her preſence inſpired me with more tenderneſs than ordinary. It was a mixture of love and pity; a ſtate of mind the moſt delightful that I have ever felt; and, in order to try to retain for ſome moments this fugitive ſentiment, which had eſcaped me if my ſenſes became bewildered, I gave the fair Unknown a ſort of mantle to hide her ſnowy boſom and the elegance of her form.

Reſtored a little to herſelf, ſhe caſt upon me a look of aſtoniſhment. She offered to ſpeak, but tears choaked her words. I took her in my arms; I embraced her; beſeeched her, with the greateſt tenderneſs I was able, to place ſome portion of confidence in me. She ſeemed wiſhful to free herſelf from my embrace, but her efforts were ſo much exhauſted, and ſo weak, that any other perſon would have grown bolder from her weakneſs. I thought differently. *In her downcaſt features I could diſcover the traces of a pure and ſpotleſs ſoul!*

I might have deceived myſelf———for circumſtances——that beautiful boſom, and what the venerable Homer would have called the arms of roſes and the feet of ſilver, laboured ſtrongly in my imagination. I preferred abandoning myſelf in full confidence to my firſt impreſſions, and you will ſee if they have deceived me.

The young perſon, exhauſted by hunger and fatigue, had need above all things of ſome refreſhment. I haſtened then, ——— But, in truth, Gentlemen, I forgot that theſe little details, which retrace themſelves always in my memory with a new pleaſure, cannot be ſuppoſed to intereſt you in ſo lively a manner.

The fair creature recovered ſo much after having taken ſome refreſhment, as to be capable of giving me the hiſtory of her adventures. It was with downcaſt eyes ſhe began her recital. Why, alas! cannot I interweave into my narrative that grace which embelliſhed her expreſſion, her voice, and even her whole perſon?

———" The beautiful Laïs is my mother. Educated at her houſe, I lived there in that happy ignorance of myſelf, which

which is the lot of childhood, until I had loſt him who had the goodneſs to believe himſelf my father. He was, as they told me, a Sicilian; rich, and of noble anceſtors. Scarcely was I in my ſeventeenth year, before Death ſnatched him from me. From that time my mother's tenderneſs cooled every day towards me. Other ſuitors effaced the image of him who was no more; and, at laſt, her heart ceaſed to ſpeak of poor Laïdie. I was greatly affected at it, but it was yet neceſſary to hide my tears from her; and if ever ſhe perceived any traces of them in my eyes, I was ſure to draw from her all her anger. For the reſt, Laïs treated me as other girls who ſerved her; and we had all a ſinging-maſter, and learned to dance and play the lute."

"What! my charming friend," cried I, "you play the lute, and you ſing!———See here, a lute——do me the favour———."

The kind fair one had the complaiſance to interrupt her recital: ſhe ſung me one of the tendereſt little ſongs of *Anacreon* (can you gueſs which it was?), accompanying it with her lute; and her fingers, which played with ſuch rapidity, ſeemed to poſſeſs *each a ſeparate ſoul* for the inſtrument.

Oh, Wiſdom!—Oh, Antiſthenes!——where were you then? For, Diogenes, you exiſted not——you had never exiſted!

I ſought to regain my reaſon from the lips of the fair Muſician.

"Suffer me to continue my hiſtory," ſaid ſhe with an ineffable ſmile, and her cheeks were covered at the moment with a beautiful carnation.

A bluſh on the inſtant reſtored me to myſelf; and, by a natural conſequence, I reddened nearly as much as ſhe did.—She continued—

"I was fourteen years old when the beautiful Laïs gave me to a young Athenian, who pretended to love me paſſionately. In quitting her, Laïs deſired that I would hereafter conſider him as my maſter. But this new maſter concealed his power from me under the moſt tender careſſes. My days

paſſed away in pleaſures for ever new. I was ſatisfied with my lot, and thought not of the future.

"Glycon had every reaſon to be ſatisfied with my complaiſance; but if Love is really that fire which glowed in the verſes of *Sapho*, it is a paſſion that I feel myſelf incapable of partaking. If it had been poſſible, Glycon would have inſpired me with it. He often made me ſing that Ode to *Phaon* which expreſſes the violence of it with ſo much energy; and each time he was concerned to find that my eyes did not confirm what my mouth expreſſed. I perceived, at laſt, that his love began to cool. The tone of ſentiment to which it had reached changed on a ſudden to jeſting and gaiety, which, in truth, pleaſed me much better. But that, no more than the other, was of long continuance."

To be brief (for I perceive, Gentlemen, that you begin to be tired); the beautiful *Bacchis* ſeduced away the lover from my young friend; and thus finiſhed the romance.

This young enchantreſs related her ſtory with an irreſiſtible effect. Her ingenuity, her little ſeducing manners, her pretty ſound of voice, and a certain *je ne ſais quoi* which had a very lively effect upon me, but which I cannot expreſs; all theſe made her tale more intereſting to me than it really was in itſelf; for, in truth, Gentlemen, it was (thanks to your manners) but too common a hiſtory.

In the heat of the narration, the mantle which I had thrown round her by degrees unlooſed itſelf, and you are well aware that a like bagatelle on certain occaſions, is not a *bagatelle!* I could have heard her all the night. I am far, Gentlemen, from requiring of you the ſame favour. I know how to do you juſtice, as well as myſelf; and I wiſh, *en paſſant*, that the relaters of ſtories, Poets and Hiſtorians, would liſten to this for their inſtruction.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

IT is the obſervation of an elegant and admired writer, that, of all the follies incident to youth, there are none more capable of deforming the beauty of its preſent appearance, or of deſtroying the proſpect of its future proſperity, than *ſelf-conceit*, *obſtinacy*, and *preſumption*; and by connecting theſe unamiable propenſities under the head of one diſcourſe, I ſhall endeavour to warn my young Readers againſt their practice.

Self-conceit may be conſidered as one of the moſt unfortunate propenſities of youth, which blaſts improvement and increaſes imperfection; and, whilſt it reſiſts the admonition of Wiſdom, launches its victim into an abyſs of error.

How much is it to be lamented, that, at a period of life which requires the aid both of wiſdom and experience, a confidence in abilities which have never been tried, ſhould lead the mind to reſiſt the advantages of counſel, and refuſe the benefit which might be derived from conſtraint! Too wiſe to learn, and too impatient to deliberate, they thoughtleſsly plunge with precipitate indiſcretion into the midſt of thoſe dangers with which the world abounds, and ſhut their ears againſt the friendly voice that fain would warn them againſt impending ruin!

When entering upon the career of life, it is the buſineſs of youth not to aſſume the reins themſelves, but to place them in the hands of the wiſe and more experienced; leſt, like the boy* who urged his ſire's permiſſion to guide the fleeting courſers of the Sun, they periſh by their boldneſs and conceit.

Various are the arguments which experience might produce to correct a foible of ſo dangerous a nature; but, inſtead of exhauſting the patience of my youthful Readers by detail-

* Phaeton.

ing them, I ſhall prefer giving an inſtance of the evils which have reſulted from reſiſting the counſel of experience and the advice of age.

THE INCAUTIOUS MARRIAGE;

Or, The Hiſtory of Julia Darnley.

JULIA DARNLEY was the only daughter of a Gentleman of moderate fortune, who reſided at a villa within a few miles of the Metropolis, and who unfortunately had given her an education ſo much above the ſphere in which ſhe was accuſtomed to move, that ſhe held both himſelf and his connections in a light at once humiliating and degrading.

Mr. Darnley's income aroſe from a public office, from the emoluments of which he had ſaved upwards of five thouſand pounds; and as he was neither aged nor infirm at the time of Julia's birth, he indulged the hope of greatly augmenting it before the darling of his tenderneſs could be eſtabliſhed in life.

Though not ambitious himſelf, he indulged that paſſion for his child; and as ſhe happened to poſſeſs an uncommon ſhare of beauty, he looked forward to her alliance with ſome family of diſtinction. Mrs. Darnley, who was a plain, good ſort of woman, without any pretenſions to refinement or gentility, but whoſe underſtanding was greatly ſuperior to her huſband's, endeavoured to convince him of the folly of theſe expectations; and inſtead of wiſhing her daughter to be educated at a ſchool of the firſt diſtinction, propoſed her being ſent to one where ſhe would be likely to aſſociate with girls of her own ſphere.

Mrs. Darnley's objections, however, were over-ruled, and Miſs Julia was introduced into the circle at Queen's Square, where ſhe very ſoon learnt to deſpiſe all plebeian notions, and to fancy herſelf ſuperior to the authors of her exiſtence. Inſtead of that humility which is ſo amiable in youth, ſhe ſoon became arrogant and ſelf-conceited; and, as her mother was deficient in thoſe tinſel accompliſhments which ſhe unfortunately

nately happened to poſſeſs, ſhe imagined ſhe muſt be devoid both of judgment and experience; and, inſtead of ſubmitting to the guidance of her counſel, imprudently reſolved to throw away conſtraint.

I ſhall not attempt to expatiate upon the folly of ſuch conduct, or deſcribe the miſery it occaſioned her worthy mother, who, inſtead of deriving felicity from the dutiful attentions of her child, was rendered wretched by repeated acts of diſobedience! Mr. Darnley was too ſoon convinced of the error he had adopted in the education of his undutiful child, but hoped to correct it by withdrawing her from thoſe connections which ſhe had formed during her ſtay at ſchool, and introducing to her acquaintance ſeveral amiable families who reſided in the vicinity of their abode.

Amongſt the number of thoſe which came under this deſcription was that of a Doctor Hamilton, whoſe ſon, a young man of unexceptionable character, was the profeſſed admirer of the ill-fated Julia. It was in vain that he urged the ardency of his affection, or evinced it by a thouſand acts of delicacy. The brother of one of her ſchool-fellows (an officer in the Guards) had rendered her heart inſenſible to his merits, and ſhe received his overtures with coldneſs and diſdain.

The ſolicitude of Mrs. Darnley for the happineſs of her child, led her to make a ſtrict enquiry into the character of this accompliſhed libertine; and ſhe had the mortification of hearing that he was a profeſſed gameſter, and a man of intrigue. Shocked at intelligence ſo alarming, ſhe inſtantly imparted it to the infatuated girl, and with all the force of reaſon and perſuaſion endeavoured to convince her of the unworthineſs of her choice.

Too impetuous to be directed, and too wiſe to be controuled, the unfortunate Julia plunged headlong into miſery, and, by a precipitate marriage without her parents' knowledge, inſured to herſelf eternal wretchedneſs!

Her beauty had been the means of calling forth the obſervation of her lover, but her fortune was the magnet which ſecured his attention; and the moment he had gained its entire

poſſeſſion he left her to lament her folly and infatuation, and to blame that ſelf-conceit in her own judgment which had induced her to reject the counſel of her parents.

This melancholy inſtance of Confidence and Conceit muſt prove a warning to thoſe who are prone to the indulgence of them; and, by pointing out the rock which wrecked Julia's happineſs, act as a beacon to thoſe who are ſubject to the like imperfections.

If Self-conceit is an unamiable propenſity in youth, Obſtinacy and Preſumption are certainly ſtill more ſo; for a determined oppoſition to the will of others is more diſguſting to behold than a confidence in themſelves: the former may reſult from an error in the head, but the latter too often ſprings from a corruption in the heart.

Obſtinacy, or, as it is now elegantly refined, Perſeverance, generally proceeds from a ſullen moroſeneſs of temper, which alike diſdains both precept and perſuaſion; and having once formed an opinion of its own, reſigns it not, though conſcious of its error.

FATAL OBSTINACY;

Or, Perſeverance Puniſhed.

NURSED in the lap of indolence and eaſe, and unuſed to conſtraint, correction, or controul, the ſullen temper of Sophia Carter had obtained ſo complete an aſcendancy over her judgment, that, by the time ſhe had completed her fifteenth year, ſhe totally denied parental authority, and reſolved to be the arbitreſs of her own fate.

It was not that Sophia had a mean opinion of the abilities of her parents, or that ſhe fancied her own ſuperior to them, which was the means of inducing her to adhere with obſtinacy to whatever plan her own ideas had ſuggeſted; but a ſelfiſh apathy pervaded all her faculties, and abſorbed all the ſocial and conciliating affections.

The death of her father, at the age I have deſcribed, ſuddenly overturned her ſchemes of grandeur; as, by ſome defect

in the manner of drawing up the will, his eſtates devolved to a diſtant relation. Shocked at a change ſo unlooked for, and unexpected, ſhe ſunk into a ſtate of ſullen deſpondency, from which ſhe was rouſed by an invitation from her Godmother, couched in terms of ſympathy, affection, and kindneſs.

Mrs. Hartly was a maiden lady, about ſixty, poſſeſſed of a fortune of as many thouſand pounds; and, having no near relations who required her aſſiſtance, reſolved to leave the bulk of it to the child of her adoption, if, upon a more intimate acquaintance, ſhe found her deſerving of ſuch a proof of friendſhip and affection.

The reception which Sophia met with from this amiable woman was at once tender, benevolent, and kind; but her manner of returning theſe proofs of friendſhip checked the ardour with which they had flowed, and at once prejudiced her benefactreſs againſt her.

Inſtead of attempting to ingratiate herſelf into Mrs. Hartly's affection, either by anticipating her wants, or fulfilling her deſires, ſhe imprudently oppoſed all her inclinations; and, refuſing to be directed by her ſuperior judgment, reſolutely followed the bias of her own.

Compaſſion for her forlorn and deſtitute ſituation for ſome time induced her patroneſs to ſubmit to her caprices; but, at length, worn out with her obſtinacy and ill-humour, ſhe placed her as parlour-boarder in a neighbouring ſchool, where ſhe remained near two years, without attempting to make any overtures for a reconciliation. At the end of that period her benefactreſs was taken ill, and a meſſenger was diſpatched by a friend of Mrs. Hartly's, to inform her, that if ſhe would apologize for her conduct, that amiable woman was ready to forgive it.

Too proud to acknowledge the faults ſhe had committed, and too inſolent to requeſt them to be forgiven, ſhe made a ſlight excuſe for not attending the ſummons; and the death of her benefactreſs, a few days afterwards, reduced her to a ſtate of abſolute beggary; for, having refuſed the means by which ſhe might have been reconciled, ſhe loſt the fortune which

which was kindly intended to have rendered her independent for the remainder of her life.

Having expatiated upon the miſeries which ariſe from Obſtinacy and Conceit, I muſt turn my young Readers' attention to the *concluſive failing*; and, by warning them againſt the indulgence of ſo fatal a paſſion as Preſumption, indirectly recommend the practice of Docility and Gentleneſs.

Gentleneſs has been termed the great avenue to mutual enjoyment: amidſt the ſtrife of interfering intereſts it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the ſeeds of harmony; it ſoftens animoſities, renews endearments, and reconciles the jarring diſcords of mankind. Eager paſſions, and violent deſires, ſays an elegant writer* upon the ſubject, were not made for man; they exceed his ſphere; and, finding no adequate objects on earth, can be productive of nothing but miſery and ruin! If you allow any paſſion (even though innocent) to gain an aſcendancy, your eaſe and peace will be impaired; and that delightful calm, which proceeds from an inward conſciouſneſs of virtue, is loſt beneath the impetuous ſtorms of life.

Arrogance and Preſumption are no leſs dangerous in their effects and conſequences than Obſtinacy and Conceit; and the evils which have reſulted from their practice are equally numerous and alarming.

Melissa Mildred received the firſt rudiments of her education under the auſpices of a maiden aunt, whoſe narrow income and confined circumſtances rendered her anxious to ſecure the affection of her charge, as the comforts of her exiſtence in great meaſure depended upon the remittances ſhe received from Meliſſa's father, who had long reſided in the Eaſt Indies. Accuſtomed from her youth to the gratification of her deſires, and wholly unuſed to reſtriction or reſtraint, a diſpoſition naturally preſumptuous and overbearing

* Doctor Blair.

ſoon

ſoon became a ſource of miſery to its poſſeſſor; and, reſiſting even the gentleneſs of her aunt's remonſtrances, ſhe alike diſdained both precept and advice.

The death of a wife whom he fondly loved induced Mr. Mildred ſuddenly to quit India, and, without apprizing his ſiſter of his intention, he arrived at her apartments in the vicinity of Portman Square. Charmed with the lovelineſs of his daughter's perſon, and tenderly agitated by her reſemblance to his loſt Emilia, he preſſed her with rapture to his parental boſom; and, whilſt gazing at her with a mixture of anguiſh and delight, offered a ſilent petition to the Almighty that ſhe might equally reſemble her mother in gentleneſs and virtue.

Scarcely had he indulged thoſe delightful ſenſations which a parent muſt experience at the ſight of a child whom diſtance had long ſeparated, when the ardency of his emotion was ſuddenly arreſted by the inſolent manner in which ſhe replied to ſome obſervation of her aunt's; and, with a look expreſſive of diſpleaſure and aſtoniſhment, he enquired if ſhe recollected to whom ſhe ſpoke?

A rebuke from her father immediately after his arrival was what Meliſſa was not prepared to receive; and, without reflecting upon the conſequences of her conduct, ſhe added the fault of Preſumption to that of Inſolence, by replying to the interrogation with a ſupercilious air.

Shocked at behaviour ſo unwarrantable and affronting, Mr. Mildred warmly condemned his ſiſter's conduct; and, reſolving to ſubdue ſuch unamiable propenſities, inſtantly made enquiries for a celebrated ſchool, where Meliſſa was ordered to be treated with rigour and ſeverity whenever ſhe preſumed to diſpute the commands of her ſuperiors.

In this ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral months without her father having the ſatisfaction of hearing that her temper had in the ſlighteſt degree improved; and, deſpairing of finding an amiable companion in his child, he reſolved to obtain one by a ſecond marriage, and fortunately met with a young lady every way calculated to make him happy.

Imme-

Immediately after the union had taken place, her father called to apprize her of it; and after pointing out the bleſſings ſhe might have enjoyed by correcting the impetuoſity and preſumption of her temper, he informed her, that, unable to exiſt without domeſtic happineſs, and deſpairing of enjoying it in her ſociety, he had inſured it by a ſecond marriage, which never would have taken place if ſhe had behaved with mildneſs and docility.

Shocked and aſtoniſhed at this intelligence, and enraged at the idea of having a mother-in-law, ſhe preſumptuouſly condemned the father's conduct; who, exaſperated at the temerity of her behaviour, inſtantly reſolved never to ſee her more.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

WERE we to eſtimate the value of human perfections according to the benefits which ſociety might derive from their influence, I am inclined to believe, that a ſtrict adherence to the laws of Juſtice would obtain pre-eminence over all the cardinal virtues; and that the being who was neither biaſſed by affection, nor impreſſed by pique, would be regarded as an object of univerſal admiration.

This virtue, which I conſider as the very ground-work of morality, ought to be impreſſed upon the mind with a kind of religious awe; and children ſhould be taught to reverence its laws from the moment that they are capable of reaſon or reflection.

Slaves as we are to paſſion and prejudice, we require to be early inſtructed in this important duty, and the ſlighteſt infringement upon the laws of Juſtice ought to be puniſhed with diſpleaſure, if not with ſeverity. Were children accuſtomed to hear this virtue extolled with that degree of praiſe it undoubtedly deſerves, they would naturally acquire a deſire

to imitate it; and inſtead of being directed by the degrading law of Self-intereſt, they would always be guided by that of Equity.

Amidſt the various inſtances of this admirable virtue, which have been tranſmitted to poſterity as an allurement to the practice of it, none ſtrikes me as more amiable or intereſting, than that which Mr. Addiſon deſcribes in one of his periodical publications, where the law of Juſtice ſubdues the force of Nature. The ſtory is at once beautiful and inſtructive, and I ſhall take the liberty of adapting the ſtyle to the capacity of the more youthful part of your numerous admirers, who, whilſt they muſt venerate the law of Juſtice which made a parent reſolve to ſacrifice the life of a beloved child, muſt ſympathize with the father in the anguiſh of apprehenſion.

JUSTICE *Vanquiſhing the Force of* NATURE.

A PERSIAN TALE.

A PERSIAN Monarch, highly celebrated for humanity, had his army encamped upon the plains of Avala; and one day, as he was walking unattended by his guards, he was accoſted by a peaſant, who appeared to be labouring under affliction.

The man, after apologizing for the temerity of his conduct, briefly informed the Sultan of the injury he had ſuſtained: and, after expatiating upon the beauty and fidelity of his wife, told him that an officer had forcibly entered his dwelling, and, after driving him from the preſence of the object of his affection, had compelled her to liſten to his illicit love.

The Sultan, ſhocked at this inſtance of depravity, inſtantly reſolved to puniſh the perpetrator of it; but as the man was not able to identify the perſon of the agreſſor, it was neceſſary to act with caution and circumſpection. After aſſuring the peaſant that he would avenge the injury he had ſuſtained, and make an example of the man who had deſtroyed his repoſe, he deſired him not to mention the affair to any one; but if the

the officer presumed to repeat his visits, instantly to fly to him for protection.

Satisfied with this assurance of his Sovereign's favour, the poor man gratefully retired; and as several days elapsed without his receiving any molestation, he began to fear that he should not be able to discover his insidious rival. At length, however, he perceived him enter, and again he was banished from his peaceful home. But instead of wandering round the spot which contained his treasure, and lamenting his inability to rescue her from his power, he flew to the Sultan, and besought relief. The guards were instantly ordered to attend, and the humane Sultan headed the band. When they arrived at the scene of injustice and oppression, the Sultan ordered the lights to be extinguished, and the soldiers forcibly to enter the dwelling, and to sacrifice the victim of unlawful passion!

During the time that this act of justice was performing, the Sultan appeared in the greatest agitation; and as soon as he was informed that the deed was perpetrated, he ordered the flambeaus to be re-lighted, and he entered the house. He approached the corpse with fearful and trembling steps, and it was some moments before he was able to turn his eyes towards it. At length he caught an imperfect glimpse of the features, which seemed to reanimate his breast with joy, and he desired the lights might be brought nearer. No sooner did he take a complete view of the body, than he fell prostrate before it, with an appearance of adoration; and after remaining for some time in the most fervent prayer, he arose with a countenance placid and resigned.

The guards, who had remained transfixed with astonishment during this extraordinary instance of their Sovereign's religious homage, were still more surprized at hearing him request the peasant to set before him whatever food his cottage might afford, and to see him eat the coarsest fare with all the keenness of the most voracious hunger, and with as much apparent relish, as if it had been composed of the greatest dainties.

The

The peaſant, emboldened by this wonderful condeſcenſion in a perſon of ſuch exalted dignity, ventured to aſk the reaſon of the extraordinary ſcene he had witneſſed; when the Sultan, laying aſide all appearance of diſtinction, replied to the interrogation in the following words:

"Upon hearing of the greatneſs of the offence which had been committed by an officer in my army, I had reaſon to think it might have been one of my own ſons, believing that none other would have ventured to have been ſo audacious and preſumptuous! I gave orders, therefore, for the lights to be extinguiſhed, that I might not be led aſtray by partiality or compaſſion from doing an act of juſtice on an offending criminal. Upon re-lighting the flambeaux, I looked upon the face of the dead perſon, and, to my unſpeakable joy, I found it was *not* my ſon. It was for this reaſon I involuntarily fell upon my knees, to return God thanks for having ſaved me from the miſery of finding that, in performing an act of juſtice, I had ſacrificed a life that I conſidered dearer than my own! You will ceaſe to wonder at my aſking for food, or eating voraciouſly of it, when I tell you, that, from the moment I was made acquainted with the injury you had ſuſtained, the apprehenſion I endured leſt one of my children was the offending party, had ſo far agonized my mind, that I have been incapable of affording any nouriſhment to my body, and have actually not eaten a morſel from that period until this moment."

Admiration and delight filled the boſoms of his attendants, who, whilſt they venerated the man who could be capable of ſuch an action, ſilently congratulated themſelves upon their own felicity, in being placed under the protection of a Monarch, who was neither to be biaſſed by the bonds of Nature, nor to be guided by the force of Tenderneſs.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

T. B.

ON THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN REAL AND AFFECTED SENSIBILITY;

AND

THE FOLLY OF BOASTING OF REFINED FEELINGS.

MR. EDITOR,

IN laſhing thoſe vices which are ſtigmatiſed by reproach, or in condemning failings which are univerſally deſpiſed, I ſhould neither expoſe myſelf to the attack of the critic's cenſure, nor lay my boſom bare to the ſhafts of revenge; but in ſtripping the maſk from Deception's face, and removing the veil ſhe has been accuſtomed to wear, I draw down the vengeance of each deſigning hypocrite, who had eſtabliſhed his reputation upon the ſpurious baſis.

To cenſure feeling, or to condemn humanity, would be as inglorious and deſpicable an employment, as attempting to deſtroy the foundation of virtue; but to ridicule that affected refinement of ſenſibility, which is too ſenſative to bear the very mention of diſtreſs, is to ſtrengthen the cauſe of genuine compaſſion, and expoſe the folly of its pretended ſlaves.

To declaim upon the charm of exquiſite ſenſibility, and expatiate upon the ſorrows which it endures, is as general a topic of common converſation as the diſtreſs of war, or the verſatility of weather.

That this cant of the tongue is unconnected with the heart, may be clearly demonſtrated by experience and obſervation; for, where the feelings and affections are warmly intereſted, we want not the aid of language to deſcribe them.

I have been led to make theſe remarks, Mr. Editor, by a circumſtance which occurred yeſterday evening, and which will more effectually eſtabliſh their validity than all the arguments that rhetoric could uſe.

Accidentally calling at the houſe of a friend, with whom I have long been in the habit of intimacy, I walked unceremoniouſly into the drawing room, without enquiring whether he was at home. As my affection towards the huſband does not

not extend to the wife, few tokens of civility paſs between us; I was therefore aſtoniſhed at finding myſelf received with unuſual marks of affection and kindneſs.

——"I am glad you are come, dear Mr. Snarl," exclaimed the miſtreſs of the ſympathetic manſion; "for ſuch an alarming accident has juſt occurred, as threatens to deſtroy our nervous ſyſtem!"

"Oh," ſaid Lucinda, one of her companions, "had you been here at the dreadful cataſtrophe, you would have pitied the terror into which we were thrown. I declare the creature electrified my ſenſibility, and ſhook every particle of my ſuſceptible frame!"

"The *poor wretch!*" rejoined Belinda. "I declare her image is now before my ſight; and I do not believe I ſhould efface the impreſſion, if I was to live an hundred years!"

"I do not wonder at it, my dear Belinda," ſaid another of the ſympathizing fair; "for your feelings are ſo refined and delicate, it is impoſſible they ſhould ſuſtain ſuch a dreadful ſtroke!"

After having liſtened to their various exclamations, without being able to diſcover the misfortune they bewailed, I begged they would give me a plain ſtatement of the fact, and allow me an opportunity of ſympathizing in their ſorrow.—This, it is true, was probing the wound; but, after much perſuaſion on my part, and affected feeling on their's, I diſcovered that an unfortunate mendicant, exhauſted by hunger, and worn out by fatigue, had ſacrilegiouſly fallen down at the threſhold of the door whilſt they were enjoying a view from one of the balconies.

"And what became of the unfortunate being?" ſaid I, in a tone of pity and regret. "Did you not afford an aſylum to her ſorrows, and ſooth that affliction which preſſed heavily on her heart?"

"Good God!—Mr. Snarl!" replied the wife of my friend, "do you think I could ſupport ſuch a ſight of ſorrow!—The unfortunate wretch was abſolutely expiring, and the very idea of death alarms my apprehenſion! My nerves al-

ready have received ſuch a ſhock as I ſhall not recover for an age! I declare," continued ſhe, turning to Belinda, "I muſt ſend immediately to Dr. Tonic; for the palms of my hands are quite parched with heat, and I feel every ſymptom of a nervous fever!"

"If the fever upon your nerves, Madam," I replied, "could communicate warmth to the veſſels of your heart, you would do well not to endeavour to repel it; but whilſt affected Senſibility ſupplies the place of Feeling, and cold Precaution baniſhes Humanity, you do right to call in the aid of a phyſician to countenance a weakneſs which diſgraces Nature!"

So ſaying, I haſtened from the manſion of artificial Refinement, and approached the abode of genuine Senſibility, where I found the unfortunate object of our diſſertation juſt recovering from a fainting fit by the aid and attention of a carpenter's wife, who, having heard my friend's ſervants ordered to carry her to the workhouſe, humanely opened her hoſpitable door, and afforded her that degree of comfort and conſolation which Wealth and Power had inhumanly denied!

This, Mr. Editor, is no *fictitious* tale; no invention to diſgrace the cauſe of Senſibility; but the ſimple relation of a matter of *fact* which occurred within my own obſervation.

I do not pretend to form a general judgment, or to aſſert, that thoſe who talk of Feeling are always devoid of the amiable impreſſion; but I will venture to ſay, that, nine times out of ten, real Senſibility diſguiſes its ſenſations; and that thoſe who are moſt affected by the misfortunes of others will appear to be the leaſt agitated by them.

If you think, Mr. Editor, that theſe ſentiments can ſtrengthen the cauſe of Humanity, or leſſen the effect of *artificial* Refinement, I beg you will inſert them in your judicious Publication, which not only appears to be the receptacle of knowledge, but the diſpenſer of amiable propenſities.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your ſincere admirer,

SAMUEL SNARL.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF A GHOST.

Written by Himſelf, Herſelf, or Itſelf.

Publiſhed from the Original MS. (with Notes) by *Sam Scribble*, author of "Theſpian Mania," &c. &c. &c.

In various ſhapes I oft the town delight,
But ne'er before did I attempt to *write*;
And yet I'm tortur'd by no maiden fears—
I claim the right of *trial by my peers*. SPECTRE.

NOVELTY being, in the preſent dearth of genius, the moſt admired ingredient in the compoſition of literary beverage, the effuſions of a *ſupernatural* ſcribe (from the portion which they contain of that favourite article), aided by the infuſion of a ſufficient quantity of extravagance and abſurdity, would, without doubt, prove a delicious treat for modern amateurs, and gain me no ſmall degree of celebrity in my new character of author. But I deprecate the idea of mounting to fame on the wings of Folly. Mine is a tale of oppreſſion and woe; harſh and diſcordant to the refined ear of a faſhionable reader; and merely deſigned to render humid the eye of genuine Senſibility, and to nerve the arm of offended Juſtice.

TORN by the irreſiſtible incantations of a literary coxcomb* from my peaceful abode at the bottom of the Red Sea, where I enjoyed the calm ſweets of oblivious repoſe, I have for ſeveral years been doomed to the moſt odious and abject ſlavery, in a land characterized as the favourite reſidence of the fair Goddeſs of Freedom.

* This title has been aptly conferred, by an impartial Critic, on the late Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to whoſe "Caſtle of Otranto" we owe the introduction of the fantaſtic herd of Ghoſts, Goblins, &c. into novels and romances.

The jetty Negro, inhabiting the torrid zone of Africa, whoſe oft-recounted woes rend the heart of Humanity, never experienced the minuteſt particle of drudgery, compared with that impoſed upon me by the iraſcible tyrants whom I ſerve.

The dingy African, after his daily toil, is permitted to recruit his exhauſted ſtrength in the arms of Somnus, until the radiant ſun re-cheers the earth; but hapleſs I am denied even the benefit of that neceſſary vacation from fatigue. Every paltry ſcribbler uſurps the right of dragging me from my bed, and of forcing me to obey the capricious mandates of his fantaſtic imagination. Sometimes I am conſtrained to perform pennance, arrayed in a ſheet, on ſome frozen heath or dreary wild, amid the howling wind and boiſterous tempeſt; at other times, to march bare-foot, with majeſtic gravity, in a damp vault or decayed cellarage, rigged out in ruſty armour as old as Adam's breeches; or, according to the poet's whim, to ſneak acroſs a crazy draw-bridge, glide along a rotten wall, tremble behind worm-eaten arras, dance in a belfry, chaunt "lullaby" in a deſerted bed-chamber, ſtand tip-toe on a tomb-ſtone, crack nuts in a church-porch, pinch the tail of a favourite cat, pop through a key-hole, rap my knuckles againſt the wainſcot, or ſport my figure in a cock-loft!

Shakſpeare, that darling child of Nature, regarded me as an uſeful auxiliary, not an abject ſlave. When he availed himſelf of my aſſiſtance, he adorned me with the blooming flowers of genius, and rewarded me with a participation of his immortal fame; but modern play-wrights bribe gazing ſtupidity to applaud the moſt diſguſting nonſenſe, by allowing it a peep at poor me, diveſted of every grace, and awkwardly decorated with gaudy (though worthleſs) weeds; nurtured by the ſun-ſhine of modern *taſte*, on the prolific hot-bed of arrogant folly!

In one of the theatrical vehicles of my diſgrace and torment* I was conſtrained to poſſeſs the perſon of a tall and buxom

* "The Caſtle Spectre." From the ſingular coincidence between the ſtructure of this play and that of the German drama of the "Robbers," there

buxom dame (whoſe ſturdy limbs did not bear much reſemblance to the *ærial* form of a *ſpirit)*, and after *piouſly* imparting a dumb bleſſing to Mrs. Jordan, amid the harmonious ſtrains of a choir of *play-houſe ſaints and angels*, in one ſcene, was moſt barbarouſly obliged, in a ſubſequent one, to make my exit in a terrific volume of ſulphureous flame, like (if I may be allowed the metaphor) a filthy ſoul, ſinking into the ſcouring-tub yclept purgatory!

The barbarity of my treatment, inſtead of rouſing the indignation and exciting the vengeance of the ſpectators, evidently afforded them much pleaſure and ſatisfaction, which they expreſſed by loud and repeated burſts of applauſe!—This flattering encouragement completely abſorbed the ſmall remains of ſenſe and propriety in the breaſt of the elated playmaker; and, with the heroiſm of a Quixote, he determined to eclipſe all other dramatic maniacs, and out-Herod Herod in abſurdity: for this purpoſe, he transformed me into *Queen Betty*, and forced me, againſt my conſcience, to relate a ſtupid falſehood, in order to ſave the *immoral* effuſion of a *boy* from the fate it deſerved.*

Another of my perſecutors, with conſummate ingenuity, deviſed a new mode of tormenting me, by hoiſting me into the air, to the no ſmall hazard of my neck, but to the infinite

there is great reaſon to ſuſpect that it is a plagiariſm. This will not excite ſurpriſe, when it is known that the author of the "Caſtle Spectre" is indebted to that popular work the "Spectator" for a paſſage in his highly praiſed tragedy.

* The Epilogue to the "Eaſt Indian," (which play is ſaid by its author, or *compiler*, to have been written by him at the age of 16) was ſpoken by Mr. Banniſter, Jun., in the character of *Queen Elizabeth*, who aſcends from a trap in the middle of the ſtage, and who is ſuppoſed to have obtained the permiſſion of Pluto to reviſit her kingdom, in order to witneſs——*the repreſentation of the "Eaſt Indian"!!!* Old Beſs gravely tells the audience, that, unleſs they give it their encouragement, ſhe and the author muſt deſcend, and be d——d together! In pity to the brains of the audience (or rather to its deficiency in that ſcarce article) I feel much compunction in relating, that this paltry ſubterfuge had the deſired effect; and that the play was ſuffered, *for a few evenings*, to diſgrace the ſtage.

amuſe-

amuſement of the omnipotent gallery-gods, who were hugely delighted with the novelty of the idea; conceiving, perhaps, that the ancient mode of getting rid of a ghoſt favoured rather ſtrongly of *Old Bailey ſtage-trick!*

The *writers** of dumb ſpectacles, called *ballets*, and *pantomimes*, in imitation of their brethren the play-wrights, have added, in a conſiderable degree, to my torments. One of theſe inhuman purveyors of ſtupidity, with refined cruelty, metamorphoſed me into a *lanthorn*, and nightly crammed my tortured body with burning candles!

I ſhall not adduce any more inſtances of the tyranny exerciſed on me by my dramatic foes. I ſhall proceed to a more pleaſing taſk,—that of paying a tribute of gratitude to the renowned *finiſher* of "Pizarro," for the holidays† that I enjoyed at his *unfiniſhed* theatre, during the exhibition of that ſuperb ſpectacle. The author of the "*School for Scandal*," conſcious of the ſtrength of his own and of his German ally's abilities, diſdained to be indebted to ſupernatural aſſiſtance for the applauſe of the public; and his well-grounded confidence was fully ſubſtantiated by the applauſe of the public. Splendid ſcenery, glittering dreſſes, common-place rant, clever tricks, and a pantomimic bridge, pleaſed the unruly deities of the galleries, ſage critics of the pit, and patrons of genius in the boxes, as well as I ſhould have done myſelf.

It gives me infinite pain to be under the neceſſity of adding a large portion of the fair ſex to the liſt of my perſecutors; but the ſtern demands of Juſtice muſt be obeyed, and they muſt participate in the odium attached to the oppreſſion of innocence.

The exquiſite delicacy of the female character no longer revolts at ſcenes of horror. Sepulchres are violated, charnel-

* The Spectre is perfectly correct; Gentlemen now *write* their *pantomimes*, and *ballets of action*. Vide modern play-bills.

† The Spectre's *holidays*, probably, afforded him as much gratification as the fond mother experiences in the enjoyment of thoſe ſo *ludicrouſly* deſcribed by Mr. Sheridan in his ſublime production. Vide a *pretty* dialogue between Mrs. Jordan and Mr. C. Kemble; "Pizarro," page 18; *twentieth edition!*

houſes

houſes are ranſacked, and Deformity itſelf rendered more hideous, to gratify the *refined taſte* of the *ſoft* ſex. Formerly, ghoſts were as much an object of terror to the ladies as gray hairs; but now, a lady's book (a novel), deſtitute of barbarous murders, and dreadful apparitions, is as rare a phenomenon as an author entirely free from vanity.

Next among the ſtrong hoſt of my foes, may be ranked the caricaturiſts, or *ſcratchers;* the generality of whom *exiſt* by calumniating the great and the good, and holding up to ridicule every thing ſacred and valuable. Theſe mercenary time-ſervers find laborious employment for me: ſometimes they make me a ſtumbling-block, over which ſome harmleſs old virgin breaks her neck; at other times they oblige me to terrify ſome of the *venerable* and *equally harmleſs* tribe, called "*Guardians* of the night;" or ride behind a timid boor acroſs a ſolitary common, merely for the purpoſe of keeping him *in ſpirits!* By theſe, and various other pretty jokes, I generally gain a violent cold, or fit of the rheumatiſm; and all to pamper thoſe *gentlemen*'s voracious ſtomachs with ſheep's-heads and hog's-puddings.

I muſt not here omit the haggard tribe of antiquated beldams, that uſe me by way of ſuccedaneum for *Meſſrs. Rawhead and Bloodybones*, two gentlemen of great notoriety in the country, for the enviable purpoſe of keeping ſqualling brats in awe. Alas! to what miſery am I reduced!——the prey of knaves——the amuſement of fools——and the bug-bear of children!

Were I to relate the thouſandth part of the inconceivable ſufferings impoſed upon me by the before-mentioned knot of perſecutors, and many others equally tyrannical and cruel, Credulity itſelf would ſtop its ears, and brand me with the odious appellation of liar; and Humanity would pack up her property, and decamp, even to the bleſſed land of liberty itſelf, where—

> Revolt, from gloomy Chaos, rear'd its hydra-head,
> With Murder leagu'd, fell deſolation ſpread;
> Exulting wav'd its bloody banners high,
> And broke, with giant force, each ſocial tie,—

in

in preference to remaining in a nation, whoſe members are capable of perpetrating and encouraging ſuch glaring enormities on the perſon of a poor, harmleſs ghoſt!

The redreſs of my unparalleled grievances remains with the Public alone: to it I ſubmit the deciſion of my fate; and when I reflect that my appeal is made to BRITONS (who are well acquainted with the bleſſings of freedom), hope and confidence aſſume, in my breaſt, the place of deſpondency; and I anticipate the joyful period of my emancipation from a ſtate of moſt degrading and abject ſlavery. S. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE following genuine letter from a widower to his intended ſpouſe, is much at your ſervice, if you think it contains any thing worthy of the attention of your Readers.

"My dear Bett,

"As you muſt be ſenſible how much I love you, you muſt know that the ſmall-pox hath made ſuch havock in your face, that, if you did not poſſeſs charms ſuperior to what generally captivate our ſex, I ſhould not think of making you my wife: but, ſince we have agreed to be married, I hope you will not think the worſe of me, for telling you before-hand what I ſhall expect of you. As I have been married before, it muſt be conſtrued an apology, for what would otherwiſe be conſidered as an act of rudeneſs.

"Do not think that when you are married all your ends are anſwered; for you will deceive yourſelf if you do. It is true, man and woman are formed for each other, and it is their duty to promote their mutual happineſs: but the major part of your ſex frequently miſtake their aim, and, by neglecting to cultivate and improve thoſe means which firſt inſpired their huſbands with love and affection for them, lay the

the foundation of their own misery and uneasiness. I have often observed women, who, when single, were remarkable for their neatness, so very negligent of their persons after they were married, that I have been out of patience with them; for, besides that it impairs their constitutions and endangers their health, it argues a want of respect to their husbands, who are often afraid of introducing a stranger into the room where they are, lest it should be reported that they were familiar with their cook-maids. Let me appeal to your own feelings, whether you do not think it inconsistent with the delicacy of your own sex to appear at breakfast in a dress you are ashamed to be seen in by every one but your husband?—And why is he to be thus treated? Surely, there is no more difficulty in being neat and clean when you first make your appearance, than at any other time; and I shall always expect you to pay me the compliment of attending to this rule, or you will otherwise lessen yourself much in my esteem. I do not mean, by any thing I have said, that you should set yourself off like a Duchess going to Court: there would be as much folly in adopting such a measure as in falling into the other extreme.

"And now, my dear Bett, as I am upon the subject of matrimony, I shall enlarge a little upon the conduct of your sex, with a freedom which nothing but the most pure love for you could even have induced me to communicate.

"You must be very sensible how much your sex value themselves upon their beauty, and how very inattentive they are to the improvement of their minds. Where we meet with one lady who has studied how to embellish and set off the charms of her person with the graces of the mind, we fall in with fifty who think they were born only to be admired. By Jove, a man may as well have a picture, or a statue, to look at, as a woman of this sort: the former will always be the same; but the latter will become a mere remnant of beauty, unhappy at the recollection of what she was; additionally so, in being disgusting to her husband.

"Did

"Did fine ladies ſtudy their own happineſs more than they do, they would not be ſo very indifferent about the improvement of their underſtanding. A pretty perſon is a very agreeable thing, but it will not laſt for ever; and if it would, a lady of any reflection muſt very ſoon be convinced that a married ſtation is ſubject to difficulties and diſtreſſes, which call for ſomething more than beauty to alleviate and remove. —This is the critical period. The huſband either condemns his own folly for having connected himſelf with a mere doll, or thanks Heaven for the choice he has made in fixing upon a partner for life who can ſympathize with him in all his adverſity, or be jointly partaker of his happineſs. A lady of this ſtamp heightens and increaſes every pleaſure of his life: a woman like this is worth living for. But, alas! how wretched muſt that huſband be, who, when he moſt needs the aſſiſtance of his wife, finds her the leaſt capable of affording him any. The diſappointment becomes the more intolerable by a man's reflecting,—that his underſtanding has been impoſed on in the choice he has made. This brings on diſguſt, creates indifference, and there ends all their happineſs.

"But this is not the only inconvenience reſulting from the want of a proper education. There are many ladies of large fortunes who marry gentlemen of very inferior eſtates, and upon any little miſunderſtanding (which is common to the happieſt of us) are imprudent enough to tell them of it. Now there cannot be any thing more impolitic, or inconſiderate, than this kind of behaviour: it hurts a man of feeling beyond expreſſion, as it looks like the reproach of ingratitude, which conſcious virtue cannot bear. It works ſo forcibly on the mind, that it is fifty to one if a huſband ever forgets or forgives it. A generous mind does not ſtand in need of a ſpur like this, to ſtimulate it to make a return ſuitable to the obligations it has received. A due ſenſe of benefits received always encourageth a great mind to ſeek for opportunities of requiting his friend; but to upbraid, only diminiſheth the favour, at the ſame time that it leaves it no wiſh to return it.

Theſe are the failings of the ſex. If I did not think thee poſſeſſed of many great qualities, heightened by a virtuous education, I would never have fixed on thee for a wife.—— Farewell, dear Bett.

" Thine moſt ſincerely,

" M. T."

ON THE PERNICIOUS CUSTOM OF LADIES PAINTING THEMSELVES.

How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Who, free from ſtorms which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all:
No care, but Love, can diſcompoſe her breaſt;—
Love, of all cares, the ſweeteſt, and the beſt!

ROSCOMMON.

ABSURD and prepoſterous cuſtoms amongſt our ſuperiors deſcend with tenfold ignominy and diſgrace upon the middling and lower claſſes of people. The painted Ducheſs begets a painted chambermaid; and ſo, by gradation, every mode of vice is more or leſs adopted by the world. The French ladies, who firſt introduced the cuſtom of painting the face into England, never did it profeſſedly to impoſe upon the eye: they only gave a ſtreak of bright red, to add a brilliancy to the eyes. The Engliſh ladies have improved upon that cuſtom, and by painting they mean entirely to deceive the gazer; for they do not give a ſtreak of red to enliven the eye, but they artfully blend the white and red to improve a yellow ſkin, and give artificial roſes to the cheek where the roſes of Nature had long faded.

It has been the cuſtom of man, for time immemorial, rather to help Nature, than to leave her in her rude native dreſs; and yet the natives of peculiar countries have ever been more abſurd and prepoſterous in painting than in any other deteſtable cuſtom. The Chineſe paint of various colours; the Coromandel Indian paints his forehead in ſtreaks of white,

red, and yellow; the Savages of America all daub their faces; the Indians of the laſt-diſcovered iſlands enamel in a moſt frightful manner; and yet cuſtom, with theſe ignorant people, has eſtabliſhed this practice as neceſſary to beauty.

How ſuch enormous cuſtoms can be accounted beautiful or pleaſing, even to a ſavage mind, is to me extraordinary; when all muſt acknowledge that Nature is moſt beautiful in her native ſtate of ſimplicity. And this is univerſally proved by the debauchees of quality, who forſake the artificial dolls of a Court, and ſeek for the natural roſes of rural beauty; for nothing can appear ſo charming as the harmleſs unadorned country maid, when contraſted with the *tataowed* charms of a hackneyed dame of quality.

Were the ladies more regular in their hours, leſs free with pernicious waſhes, paints, &c. and more conſtant in the uſe of fair water, they would bloom as long again, and be pleaſing to the laſt. But when we ſee the lovely Carolina, divinely formed by the hand of Jove, and beauteous as an angel, painting thoſe charms to make them more charming, I grow vexed with human nature, and cenſure greatly the women who can take ſuch ready methods to deface their beauties and their reputations: for when we break out into raptures at ſeeing a fine woman, and then diſcover the vermilion cheat, we immediately turn away with contempt, and ſay——"The gipſy's painted!"

This proves to every ſenſible mind, that women who attempt to gain applauſe by painting only, unfortunately ſink themſelves in the opinion of their admirers when the impoſition is diſcovered. Beſides, even rouge itſelf, which the belles plead is of the moſt harmleſs quality, is detrimental to the ſkin: it withers it, and makes it wrinkled and ſallow; which, to ſpeak phyſically, is occaſioned by its ſtopping the pores of perſpiration.

But if this paint proves deſtructive to the beauty, what muſt liquid white be?——without doubt, a ſlow and certain death! —And can my countrywomen continue in a path which gains no fame, but which muſt bring on inevitable diſguſt, ruin, and diſtreſs?

The

The courtezans, who live and exiſt by outward appearances, for a moment allure a giddy youth, or a doating old man, by this pernicious cuſtom. While their charms are diſplayed for ſale beneath a glimmering lamp, they attract the eye; but where diſeaſe and intemperance have blanched the complexion, and neceſſity makes theſe unhappy women prowl for food, paint is the only auxiliary they can call in to their aid to furbiſh up thoſe charms that are withered, faded, and deſtroyed.

It is not ſo, however, with the protected virgin and defended dame: they have no occaſion to uſe theſe frippery arts to engage admirers. Lovers will not flock to vermilion, nor do huſbands require waſhes and pomatums to bird-lime their lips.

"That lip, that cheek, by man was never known;
"Thoſe favours you beſtow are not your own:
"Henceforth ſuch kiſſes I'll defy, like thee,
"Which Warren ſells to you, and you to me."

A woman to whom Nature has been profuſely abundant in her gift of charms, ſmiles, dimples, and delights, is not content with theſe diſtinguiſhed marks of that provident patroneſs, Nature; but ſhe muſt abſurdly give into enormities, becauſe ſhe will ebb with the rapid ſtream of Faſhion, which, like the tide of an over-ſwoln river, promiſcuouſly ſweeps down every thing with its current, hogs, men, women, puppies, and potatoes.

ON BEAUTY.

A BEAUTIFUL woman, without internal perfections, is like a moſt ſumptuous and magnificent piece of furniture in a room, in which are nothing beſides broken glaſſes, chairs, and tables, and thoſe of the coarſeſt materials. Nature has undoubtedly diſtributed her bounty with a more impartial hand than we are generally willing to allow. If ſhe has given incomparable beauty to one woman, ſhe has perhaps

lowered that gift by the alloy of vanity, folly, pride, and affectation; and if she has denied to another every external accompliſhment, she has perhaps recompenſed that defect by greatneſs of ſoul, a love of honour, and a union of all the perfections of female virtue.

AN EQUIVOCAL EPISTLE.

Madam,

The great love and tenderneſs I have hitherto expreſſed for you *is falſe, and I feel that indifference towards you*— increaſe every day, and the more I ſee of you, the more *you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and an object of contempt*— I find myſelf in every ſenſe diſpoſed and determined, to *hate you. Believe me, I never had the leaſt inclination to*— offer you my heart. Our laſt converſation, I aſſure you, has *left a tedious and wretched inſipidity, which has by no means*— given me the moſt exalted idea of your character: *your inconſtant temper would make me unhappy*— and if we are ever united, I ſhould experience nothing but *the hatred of my parents; added to an everlaſting diſ*— pleaſure in living with you. I have, indeed, a heart *to beſtow; but I do not wiſh you to imagine it is*— at your ſervice: it is impoſſible I could give it to one more *inconſtant and capricious than yourſelf, and leſs*— capable to do honour to my choice, and to my family. *Yes, Madam, I beg and deſire you will be perſuaded that*— I think ſincerely; and you will do me the greateſt favour *to avoid me. I ſhall readily excuſe your taking the trouble*— to give me an anſwer to this: your letters are always full of *nonſenſe and impertinence, and you have not the ſhadow of*— wit or good ſenſe. Adieu; believe that I am *ſo averſe to you, that it is impoſſible I ſhould ever be*—

Madam, your affectionate ſervant, &c. &c.

THE

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"PRAY, buy a noſegay of a poor orphan!" ſaid a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was paſſing by the corner of the Haymarket. I turned haſtily, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whoſe drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form ſuch as a painter might have choſen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was of the pureſt white; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were intereſting, and ſet off by a tranſparent complexion; her eyes, dark and intelligent, were ſhaded by looſe ringlets of raven-black, and ſhed their ſweetly ſupplicating beams through the ſilken ſhade of long laſhes. On one arm hung a baſket full of roſes; the other was ſtretched towards me with a roſe-bud. I drew out of my pocket ſome money——

"Take this, ſweet innocent!" ſaid I, putting it into her hand; "and may thy exiſtence and thy virtue be long preſerved!"

I was turning from her, when ſhe burſt into a flood of tears.—Her looks touched my ſoul——I was melted by the artleſs gratitude of the poor flower-girl, and a drop of ſympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to conſole her, when ſhe ſubjoined as follows:—

"Your's, Sir, have been the firſt kind words I have heard ſince I loſt all that was dear to me on earth!"—A ſob interrupted her diſcourſe.—"Oh! Sir," ſhe continued, "I have no father, no mother, no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!"—She was ſilent for a moment before ſhe could proceed.—"My only friend is God!——on him, therefore, will I rely. Oh! may I ſupport with fortitude the miſeries I am born to experience; and may that God ever protect you!"

She dropped a courteſy full of humility and native grace.—I returned her benediction, and went on.

——"And can I thus leave this poor creature?" ſaid I, as I walked penſively on: "can I leave her, for ever, with-

out emotion? What have I done for her that can entitle me to her prayers?———Preſerved her a few days from death ——that is all! And ſhall I quit thee, fair Flower!—to ſee thee no more?—to be deſpoiled by the rude blaſt of adverſity!—to be cropped by ſome cruel ſpoiler!—to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early ſorrow!———No!—thou haſt been nurtured by the ſweet tears of maternal affection; thou haſt once bloomed beneath the ſweet ſun of domeſtic content; and under it thou ſhalt bloom again!"

I returned to her, my heart beating with its newly formed purpoſe.——— The beautiful flower-girl was again before me.—I took her hand——the words of triumphant virtue burſt from my lips.———

"Come, lovely forlorn one!—come, and add one more to the happy group who call me father! Their home ſhall be thine; thou ſhalt ſhare their comforts; thou ſhalt be taught, with them, that virtue alone conſtitutes true happineſs."

Her eyes flaſhed with frantic joy: ſhe threw herſelf on her knees before me, and burſt into rapturous tears. I raiſed her in my arms; I huſhed her eloquent gratitude; I led her to a home of peace and tranquility. She loves my children; ſhe loves their father; and the poor orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my ſon!

STEPHEN AND FANNY.

FANNY, blooming in her native charms, and juſt entering her nineteenth year, happened, at a neighbouring wake, to catch the attention of Stephen. Stephen was a lad of a thouſand. The laſſes crimſoned if he noticed them, becauſe Stephen was the prince of the ſet. Jenny had put on her roſe-coloured ribbons to attract him. Nancy had pinned a bit of lilac in her boſom; and Betty's breaſt-knot was variegated with colours. Ah! ſilly maids, vain were your hopes of conqueſt! Fanny had nothing ornamental about her;—yet Fanny was the queen of the day.

In

In that retired lane which leads from the wood to farmer Goodwin's close, Stephen faltered out his tale; Fanny reddened——"She was happy in her single state—young men were very apt to deceive, and it was hard to say who were sincere."

Stephen hung down his head.——"Can any deceive such a girl as thee!——I would tear out my heart if it were capable of such ingratitude!"

Fanny looked on him—Stephen's eyes met her's—both hung down their heads. It rained——Fanny began to run—"I shall be wet."——"You shall not, Fanny;"—and he was taking off his coat.——"Indeed, Stephen, I will not have it;—you will catch cold without it."

Ah! Fortune, how dost thou sometimes delight to sport with mortals! Whence was it that a sordid jealousy subsisted between the parents of these lovers, because the Lord of the Manor had flown under the roof of one of them for shelter from a storm. A week afterwards a fresh lease was granted, and the rent reduced; and all this happened to the parents of Stephen. Fanny's father and mother laboured under an oppressive rent; because the steward took a liking to Fanny—and Fanny, poor girl, was virtuous!

Ten months passed away since Stephen and Fanny first understood each other; in the course of which time they had contrived to meet together as often as possible, and thought their harmless interviews secure from observation: but there are seldom wanting, even in the most remote situations, busy medlers to propagate the tale of scandal. Fanny's innocence was impeached; the envious little souls of the parish sneered at her; and Stephen was sometimes necessitated to hear a coarse, indecent jest at Fanny's expense. The parents of the damsel heard of it, and concerted a scheme to revenge themselves on Stephen. A recruiting party was at that time in the village: Stephen was a likely fellow for a soldier. He had been thrice disappointed of seeing his Fanny, according to promise: the old people had locked her up. He was vexed at his heart; he had a thousand doubts, a thousand fears: he betook

betook himſelf to the alehouſe; he drank to exceſs; he was beſet by the artifices of abandoned wretches, and was enliſted.

The news ſoon ſpread about the place. Fanny heard, but believed it not: ſhe hoped the tale was a contrivance to deceive her. Poor maiden!—can language deſcribe thy feelings at the moment when thou witneſſedſt the gaudy emblem triumphant on thy Stephen's hat—when thou ſaweſt him pale and trembling with confuſion before thee? Poor Stephen!—how thou didſt turn away thy face—and rave—and weep!

Fanny had eight ſhillings—it was all her hoard; but leſs than a guinea would not ranſom her love. Stephen was alſo poor: his parents were ill-tempered: his comrades led him away.

On the eve of this ſad parting, I was indulging myſelf, as was my cuſtom, with a ſolitary ſtroll. I had wandered into an unfrequented path; I pauſed, to contemplate; a voice ſtole upon my ear—it ſounded like diſtreſs—I liſtened:—advancing further, I diſcovered from whence it came. Under the covert of a low, ſhady tree, there ſat a female form: her eyes ſhone with the gliſtening of falling tears—her head reclined upon her hand—her elbow reſted upon her knee. She ſtarted at my appearance. I encouraged her to compoſe herſelf, and tell me the ſtory of her wrongs.

There is a method of communing with the unfortunate, which takes away every ſuſpicion of idle curioſity——"She thought I looked like a good gentleman; and every good gentleman was a friend to the friendleſs."

She told her ſtory—told it ſo pathetically—that, I believe (ridicule me, ye unfeeling ſouls! and welcome)—I believe I dropt a tear at the recital.

I had ſome acquaintance with the lieutenant of the party: he was a young officer, but knew himſelf. I ventured to interpoſe: I had promiſed Fanny to do ſo. He ſmiled at the nature of my buſineſs. We drank a bottle of port together ——Stephen was liberated. Having intereſted myſelf ſo far ſucceſsfully, I was encouraged to perſevere. The lovers fell at my feet, and wept.

"God

"God forbid, Fanny," ſaid Stephen, "that innocence ſhould *always* want a friend. If there were not ſome worthy ſouls in the world, it would not be worth living in.——Oh! Sir!——Help me, Fanny, to bleſs this Gentleman."

I left them, and went to the old people. Mr. Le Fevre, at my requeſt, accompanied me: he was a perſon they reverenced.

"What is the matter between neighbour Harrow and you?" he enquired. Fanny's mother complained of a partiality. Mr. Le Fevre was intimate with the Squire; he undertook to ſpeak with him. The Squire himſelf was a poor man's friend. Their wiſhes were complied with——all cauſe of animoſity was done away.

There was a ſmall farm vacant in the neighbourhood: it had been occupied by a young couple, who had juſt left it for a larger.

"If Fanny and I were married," ſaid Stephen, "with God's bleſſing, I could make that farm turn to account; and," ſaid he, "Fanny could manage the dairy."

"Then give 'em your conſent," ſaid Mr. Le Fevre to the old folks: "they love one another ſincerely; and I will be bound for their doing well."

This was deciſive. The parents looked on Mr. Le Fevre as an oracle; his decrees were definitive; he had only to approve, and every thing was right. The next Sunday fortnight was fixed on to be the happy day. It arrived; and, early in the morning, Stephen led his bluſhing Fanny to the altar, through a concourſe of envious ſpectators. They have taken poſſeſſion of the farm, and ſeem to live only for each other. I ſometimes ſtep in, and contemplate their union with heart-felt ſatisfaction; inaſmuch as it promiſes a ſource of that genuine felicity which can only ariſe from a happy mutuality of affection, and is, therefore, ſeldom to be met with but in thoſe humbler circles where innocence and ſimplicity prevail.

WOLKMAR

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG.

E'quanto a dir qual era, e coſa dura,
Queſta ſelva ſelvaggia ed aſpra e forte
Che nel penſier rinnuova la paura.—
Tanto e amara, che pocco e piu morte:
Ma per trattar del ben, ch'i vi trovai,
Diro del altre coſe, ch'i v'ho ſcorte. DANTE.

The place I know not where I chanc'd to rove;
It was a wood ſo wild, it wounds me ſore
But to remember with what ills I ſtrove:
Such ſtill my dread, that death is little more.
But I will tell the good which there I found:
High things 'twas there my fortune to explore. HAYLEY.

IT was evening when Wolkmar and his dog, almoſt ſpent with fatigue, deſcended one of the mountains in Switzerland: the ſun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a teint of rich crimſon over the waters of a neighbouring lake; on each ſide rocks of varied forms, their green heads glowing in the beam, were ſwarded with ſhrubs that hung feathering from their ſummits, and at intervals was heard the ruſhing of a troubled ſtream.

Amid this ſcenery our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, ſought for ſome excavation in the rock wherein he might repoſe himſelf; and having, at length, diſcovered ſuch a ſituation, fell faſt aſleep upon ſome withered leaves. His dog ſat watching at his feet; a ſmall bundle of linen and a ſtaff were placed by him, and the red rays of the declining ſun, having pierced through the ſhrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved maſter.

And long be thy reſt, oh, Wolkmar! May ſleep ſit pleaſant on thy ſoul! Unhappy man!—war hath eſtranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war, ſnatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant! Where art thou, beſt of wives? Thy Wolkmar lives! 'Twas error ſpread his death. Thou fledd'ſt: thy beauty caught the eye of power: thou fledd'ſt

fledd'ſt with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman!—thy huſband ſeeketh thee over the wilds of Switzerland! Long be thy reſt, oh, Wolkmar! May ſleep ſit pleaſant on thy ſoul!

Yet, not long did Wolkmar reſt: ſtarting, he beheld the dog, who, ſeizing his coat, had ſhook it with violence; and, having thoroughly awakened him, whining licked his face, and ſprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, diſcerned at ſome diſtance a man gently walking down the declivity of the oppoſite hill, and his own dog running with full ſpeed towards him.

The ſun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the ſky was overcaſt, and a few big round drops ruſtled through the drooping leaves. Wolkmar ſat him down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then, bounding, ran before him. The curioſity of Wolkmar was rouſed; he roſe to meet the ſtranger, who, as he drew nearer, appeared old, very old, his ſteps ſcarcely ſupported with a ſtaff; a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair, white as ſnow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received from beneath a dark cloud the laſt deep crimſon of the ſetting ſun.

The dog now ran wagging his tail, firſt to his maſter, and then to the ſtranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmoſt rapture, till too rudely expreſſing his joy the old man, tottering, fell at the foot of a blaſted beech, that ſtood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar haſtened to his relief, and had juſt reached the ſpot, when, ſtarting back, he exclaimed—"My father!——oh, my father!"

Gothre, for ſo the old man was called, ſaw and knew his ſon: a ſmile of ecſtaſy lighted up his features, a hectic fluſhed his cheeks, his eyes beamed tranſport through the waters that ſuffuſed them, and, ſtretching forth his arm, he faintly uttered ——"My beloved ſon!" Nature could do no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled faſt away; the dewy luſtre of his eyes grew dim; the throbbing of his heart oppreſſed him; and, ſtraining Wolkmar with convulſive energy, the laſt

laſt long breath of aged Gothre fled cold acroſs the cheek of his ſon.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon ſtruggled to appear, and by fits her pale light ſtreamed acroſs the lake; a ſilence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a cold ſhriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father; the dog ſtood motionleſs by his ſide; but at laſt, alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his maſter by the coat; till, having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley: the demon of the night trembled on his hill of ſtorms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at laſt awoke; a cold ſweat trickled over his forehead, every muſcle ſhook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud.

——"Where is my Fanny!" he exclaimed; "where ſhall I find her?——Oh! that thou hadſt told me ſhe yet lived, good old man! If alive, my God! ſhe muſt be near.—The night is dark: theſe mountains are unknown to me."

As he ſpoke, the illumined edge of a cloud ſhone on the face of Gothre; a ſmile yet dwelt upon his features.

——"Smileſt thou, my father!" ſaid Wolkmar: "I feel it at my heart——all ſhall yet be well!"

The night grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himſelf on the ground.

He had not continued many minutes in this ſituation before the diſtant ſound of voices ſtruck his ear. They ſeemed to iſſue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the ſpot where Gothre lay. The name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated; and——"Gothre!—Gothre!" mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, ſtarting from the ground, ſighed with anxiety and apprehenſion: leaning forward, he liſtened with fearful attention, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog, who, at firſt alarmed, had crept to his maſter's feet, began now to bark with vehemence. Suddenly the voices ceaſed, and Wolkmar thought

thought he heard the ſoft and quick tread of people faſt approaching. At this moment the moon burſt from behind a dark cloud, and ſhone full on the dead body of Gothre. A ſhrill ſhriek pierced the air, and a young woman, ruſhing forward, fell on the body of Gothre.

——" Oh! my Billy," ſhe exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, " ſee your beloved Gothre! ——he is gone for ever!——gone to Heaven, and left us! —Oh, my poor child!" claſping the boy, who cried moſt bitterly, " what ſhall we do without him—what will become of us?——We will die, alſo, my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father; and they are both happy yonder, my Billy!" pointing to the moon.

Wolkmar, in the mean time, ſtood enveloped with ſhade, his arms ſtretched out motionleſs, and fixed in ſilent aſtoniſhment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered——

" My Fanny!——my child!"

His accents reached her ear: ſhe ſprang wildly from the ground——

" It is my Wolkmar's ſpirit!" ſhe exclaimed. The ſky inſtantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burſt upon her ſight. They ruſhed together: ſhe fainted.

——" God of mercies!" cried Wolkmar, " if thou wilt not drive me mad, reſtore her to life.——She breathes—I thank thee, oh, my God—ſhe breathes!——the wife of Wolkmar lives!"

Fanny, recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved huſband.

—" Dear, dear Wolkmar!" ſhe faintly whiſpered—" thy Fanny——I cannot ſpeak:——my Wolkmar, I am too happy! See our Billy!"

The boy had crept cloſe to his father, and was claſping him round the knees. The tide of affection ruſhed impetuouſly through the boſom of Wolkmar:——" It preſſes on my heart," ſaid he: " I cannot bear it!"

The domeſtics whom Fanny had brought with her crowded round. ——— "Let us kneel," ſaid Wolkmar, "round the body of aged Gothre." They knelt around; the moon ſhone ſweetly on the earth; and the ſpirit of Gothre paſſed by: he ſaw his children, and was happy!

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. XI.

ANNE KILLIGREW

WAS the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, maſter of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Weſtminſter, and born in London a little before the Reformation. She was, as Mr. Wood ſays, a grace for beauty, and a muſe for wit. She gave the earlieſt diſcoveries of a great genius, which being improved by a polite education, ſhe became eminent in the arts of poetry and painting. Mr. Dryden ſeems quite laviſh in her commendation; but Mr. Wood aſſures us that he has ſaid nothing of her which ſhe was not equal if not ſuperior to. Thus ſpeaks Mr. Dryden of her:

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want ſupply;
So rich in treaſure of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd where 'twas only born.

She was a great proficient in the art of painting, and drew the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and alſo the Ducheſs, to whom ſhe was maid of honour; which pieces are highly commended by Mr. Dryden. She drew ſeveral hiſtory pieces, alſo ſome portraits, for her diverſion; and like-

likewiſe ſome pieces of ſtill life. Mr. Becket drew her picture in mezzotinto, after her own painting, which is prefixed to her Poems. Theſe engaging and polite accompliſhments were the leaſt of her perfections, for ſhe crowned all with an exemplary piety and unblemiſhed virtue.

This amiable lady died of the ſmall-pox, June 16, 1685, when ſhe was only in the 25th year of her age. Upon which Mr. Dryden's muſe put on the mourning habit, and lamented her death in the moſt moving ſtrains, in a very long ode, from which we ſhall ſelect one ſtanza; and the rather, as it does honour to another female character.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies!
Nor wit, nor piety, could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow—
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
Oh, double, double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the reliques, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
Heav'n, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

She was buried in the chapel of the Savoy Hoſpital, on the north ſide of which is a very neat monument of marble and freeſtone, fixed in the wall, with a Latin inſcription; which being very long, we apprehend it will be more agreeable to moſt of our Female readers to have a tranſlation of it in Engliſh; we therefore preſent them with the following.

By Death, alas! here conquer'd lies
She, who from all late bore the prize
In wit, beauty, virtue divine;
In whom theſe graces did combine,
Which we admir'd in others ſee,
When they but ſingly ſcatter'd be!

Who her, *ſo great*, can paint, beſide
The pencil her own hand did guide?
What verſe can celebrate her fame,
But ſuch as ſhe herſelf did frame?

Tho' much excellence ſhe did ſhew,
And many qualities did know,
Yet this alone ſhe could not tell,
Namely, *how much ſhe did excel.*
Or, if her worth ſhe rightly knew,
More to her modeſty was due;
That parts in her no pride could raiſe,
Deſirous ſtill to merit praiſe,
But fled, as ſhe deſerv'd, the bays.
Contented always to retire,
Court-glory ſhe did not admire:
Altho' it lay ſo near and fair,
Its flatt'ries had no charms with her;
For with the world how could ſhe cloſe,
Whom *Chriſt*, in her firſt childhood, choſe?

So with her parents ſhe did live,
That they to her did honour give,
And ſhe to them. In a num'rous race,
And virtuous, the higheſt place
None envy'd her; ſiſters, brothers,
Her admirers were, and lovers:
She was to all ſo obliging, ſweet,
All in one love to her did meet.
A virgin-life not only led,
But its example might be ſaid;
The age's ornament, the name
That gave her ſex and country fame!

Thoſe who her perſon never knew,
Will hardly think theſe things are true;
But thoſe that did, will more believe,
And higher things of her conceive.

Thy eyes in tears, now, Reader, ſteep,
For her——if 't lawful be to weep;
Whoſe bleſſed and ſeraphic end
Angels, in triumph, did attend.

Soon

Soon after her death was publiſhed a book, entitled,—"Poems, by Mrs. Anne Killigrew: London, 1686;" in a large thin quarto.

MEMOIRS OF HYPOLITE CLAIRON.

[Concluded from page 252.]

IT is certain that the French tragic ſtage has always wanted that effect reſulting from the coincidence of effort in the performers, with the want of which ſhe reproaches the preſent ſtage; but had ſhe ſeen her *eleve* Rancourt play Agrippina or Cleopatra, Clitemneſtra or Medea; if ſhe had ſeen the affecting Degarcius ſhed tears in Zaire; if ſhe had been preſent when Talma not merely *repreſented* but *became* Nero or Charles XII., Egiſtheus or Macbeth; it were impoſſible that ſhe could have ſaid the French performers diſplayed no principle of the art, no idea of the dignity of character. It may be granted, indeed, that in France, as well as elſewhere, the tragic ſcene is occupied by perſons, the great majority of whom are of moderate talents; and that the men of ability, occupied in political purſuits, are not enough attentive to the arts. But is it to be believed, that in former days the theatrical performers of France were perfect? The critics of thoſe times aſſure us that they were not. At all times, and every where, mediocrity is the character of the multitude; and great talents are among the moſt rare productions of Nature.

A candid man will be equally diſtant from a blind reſpect of what is ancient, and from an unjuſt prejudice of what is modern. Nothing, undoubtedly, is more uſeful to the arts than an imitation of great models; but there muſt always be reſerved to genius the privilege of quitting the point at which others have ſtopped, and advancing ſtill nearer to the goal.—Madame Clairon herſelf has given an example of this. She tells us, that ſhe herſelf was the inventor of a new ſtyle of

playing; and that, after having tried it with ſucceſs at Bourdeaux, ſhe came to Paris, determined to introduce and eſtabliſh it there, or to quit the ſtage. She ſucceeded: ſhe dared to play Rodogune in a manner different from Mademoiſelle Gauſſin. That charming actreſs, ſo celebrated by Voltaire, gave to this part a grace and ſimplicity which were quite inconſiſtent with the character of the Princeſs. Madame Clairon had the courage to repreſent the character in its natural colours, and to open a new path: ſhe accompliſhed her purpoſe. Nevertheleſs, after the play, ſhe overheard the celebrated Duclos ſay, that "ſhe ought to play *tender characters* after Madame Gauſſin."

"Surpriſed," ſays Madame Clairon, "at a deciſion ſo rude, fearing the impreſſion which it might make on thoſe who heard him, and overcome by a feeling of anger, I immediately approached him, and ſaid——'What! Rodogune a tender character, Monſieur! A Parthian—a fury, who demands from her lovers the head of their mother and Queen! —this a tender character! A pretty judgment, truly!'—— Terrified myſelf at what I had done, tears overcame me, and I fled, amidſt unbounded plaudits."

Madame Clairon proves, by theſe anecdotes, that it is ſometimes right to reject received opinions, if one would improve on an art.

The Memoirs of this celebrated actreſs are filled with intereſting anecdotes, in which, ſometimes, characters very celebrated in the reign of Louis XV. make their appearance; particularly Marſhal Richilieu, who does not play here a very honourable part. We here ſee her, indignant at the excommunication of the players, employ all her influence to have this ridiculous anathema removed; and that if ſhe failed in the enterprize, it was only by the folly of a Courtier, who, before his maſter, became almoſt an idiot, and trembled like an infant. Is it poſſible to avoid laughter, when we are told, that, by one of thoſe ſingularities which ſeem to be preſages, ſhe was baptized on one of the days of the *Carnival* by a curate diſguiſed as a harlequin, and by a vicar in a ſimilar diſguiſe.

guiſe. But we read with more ſurprize the following ſtory: ——A young man, who was paſſionately fond of her, but could not procure a return of his paſſion, died; threatening to haunt her during the remainder of her life; and, in fact, ſhe is frequently purſued by plaintive cries, which every body hears; by flaſhes, like thoſe of a muſket, which, however, are harmleſs, but which every by-ſtander can ſee; by noiſes like the clapping of hands; and, in fine, by aerial muſic.—A great number of perſons have been witneſſes of theſe ſingular phenomena, but the cauſe or author of them has never been diſcovered.

One would be tempted to believe that Madame Clairon had been deceived by an illuſion in her advanced age; but the recital of theſe ſtrange facts is contained in a letter written by her long before ſhe arrived at an age when we are apt to be thus impoſed on. Beſides, ſhe cites facts and perſons, and appears to be in no degree ſuperſtitious. Were theſe appearances, then, produced by ſome tricks of natural philoſophy, performed by the friends of the deceaſed to torment her?—Of this we are left in doubt.

In this collection we perceive the ſame pen, which traced theſe anecdotes with ſo much lightneſs and grace, expreſs ſtrongly the moſt profound ſentiments. We here find Madame Clairon giving to a female friend counſels which every young woman ſhould have continually before her eyes. We find alſo a letter written with a great degree of eloquence to the Margrave of Anſpach, to diſſuade him from abdicating his power: and ſhe has interſperſed her work with precepts of practical morality, which would do honour to our greateſt philoſophers.

In concluſion ſhe offers ſome reflections on theatrical declamation. We have poetics—eſſays on muſic—on painting—and on all the arts. On the comic art, as it may be called, which is certainly the moſt difficult, we have only tradition. Like other hiſtoric facts, which, in their deſcent from age to age, at length aſſume a tinge of fable, the traditions of the theatre, confided to the unfaithful memory of individuals, have

have become unnatural and untrue, as they become old. The character which in the days of Moliere was a living character, known in ſociety, is at this day only a burleſque caricature, becauſe in each generation through which it has deſcended it has received an addition. We ought, then, to preſerve with gratitude the obſervations offered by thoſe who have been diſtinguiſhed on the ſtage. It is neceſſary to fix this great art by written tradition and fixed precepts. Baron was the firſt actor of his time. Fifty years after him Lakain appeared; and ſome contemporaries pretend that he has not yet had a ſucceſſor. Whence comes this? Becauſe there is no fixed principles; becauſe the diſcoveries and obſervations made by great performers periſh with them; and their ſucceſſors, obliged to commence the ſtudy of their art by their own obſervations, throw it back to its origin.

Who better qualified than Madame Clairon to fix theſe principles? After twenty years of brilliant ſucceſs, one has a right to give their advice as a leſſon. She was one of the moſt illuſtrious actreſſes of her time; and we ſhall conclude this article by citing an anecdote inſerted in the Encyclopedia by one of her contemporaries, and which proves to what a high degree of perfection ſhe had carried her art.

"Madame Clairon, who plays the character of Ariane with ſo much ſpirit and truth, received one evening thoſe warm plaudits which ſhe well merits. In that ſcene where Ariane enquires, with her confidant, who can be her rival, at this verſe—

'Is it Megiſte, Egle, who renders him faithleſs?'

the actreſs ſaw a man, who, with tears in his eyes, leaned towards her, and cried out, in a ſmothered voice——'No! no!—It is Phedre!' This was the voice of Nature applauding the perfection of Art."

EDICT

EDICT AGAINT THE USE OF STAYS.

THE following edict was publiſhed throughout the German empire a few years ago; it ſeems to prove that one, at leaſt, of our faſhions originated in Germany.

'Whereas the dangerous conſequences ariſing from the uſe of ſtays, are univerſally acknowledged to impair the health, and impede the growth of the fair ſex; when, on the contrary, the ſuppreſſion of that part of their dreſs cannot but be effectual in ſtrengthening their conſtitutions, and, above all, in rendering them more fruitful in the marriage ſtate: we hereby ſtrictly enjoin, that in all orphan-houſes, nunneries, and other places ſet apart for the public education of young girls, no ſtays, of any kind whatever, ſhall be made uſe of, or encouraged from henceforth, and from this inſtant; and it is hereby further noticed to all maſters and miſtreſſes of academies and boarding ſchools, that any girls wearing ſtays ſhould not be received or countenanced in ſuch ſchools. We hereby alſo command, that it be enjoined to the college of phyſicians, that a diſſertation, adapted to every one's capacity, be forthwith compoſed, ſhewing how materially the growth of children of the female ſex is injured by the uſe of ſtays, for the better information of parents and ſchool-maſters, who wiſh to procure a handſome ſhape to their children or pupils, as alſo thoſe who are not rich enough to alter the ſtays in proportion to the growth of ſuch children, or have neglected the means to do it.

'The above diſſertation ſhall be diſtributed gratis, and diſperſed among the public; the more ſo, as whole nations, unacquainted with the uſe of ſtays, bring up a race of children remarkable for healthy conſtitutions.'

The above Edict was publiſhed by the late Emperor, Joſeph II.

A NAVAL ANECDOTE.

CAPTAIN Garner, of the Fly ſloop of war, was, ſome years ago, convoying a packet from Holland to England, with the Ducheſs of Devonſhire on board; he fell in with two

two French privateers, each of them as big as his own veſſel. A ſmart engagement enſued, and he at length beat them off, and the packet eſcaped. The wife of the gunner of the Fly happened to be on board, with her huſband, when they were attacked, and was placed in the powder-room to hand the cartridges to the boys when they came for ſupplies for the guns, who told them below how the battle went on, which was all the time in favour of the Fly. The woman was ſo animated with ſucceſs, that ſhe inſiſted upon going upon deck, as men were wanted to work the guns; this was granted, when ſhe immediately quartered to one, and remained on deck till the action was ended, working as hard as any man on board, and never once ſeemed to ſhrink, or have any fear whatſoever.

School of Arts.

NO. XVII.

Receipts for Cheap Diet, without Bread.

1. TAKE half a pound of beef, mutton, or pork, cut into ſmall pieces; half a pint of ſplit peas, three ſliced turnips, one pound of potatoes, a carrot, and a couple of onions or leeks. Stew them on a ſlow fire about two hours and a half, then thicken it with a quarter of a pound of ground rice and two ounces of oatmeal (or a quarter of a pound of oatmeal alone), and boil it a quarter of an hour, ſtirring it all the time; then ſeaſon it to the taſte. This is a meal ſufficient for four perſons without bread.

2. Take two pounds of beef, mutton, or pork, cut into ſmall pieces, and put it into the pot with ſix quarts of water, letting it boil on a ſlow fire about two hours; then add of carrots, turnips, and potatoes, cut ſmall, about half a pound of each; three or four onions, and a little celery, ſpinage, and parſley; thicken it with oatmeal, rice, or French barley, and ſeaſon it to the taſte: let it ſimmer till the vegetables are tender. This is an excellent diſh, and will ſerve ſix people a whole day, without bread.

To

To make Beer without Malt.

3. Take thirteen gallons of water, boil and ſcum it; put to it two pounds of brown ſugar, and two pounds of treacle; boil them together half an hour; then put in a ſmall handful of hops: ſtrain the liquor through a ſieve, and, when cold, put to it half a pint of yeaſt; let it work a day and night, and then tun it. Let it ſtand in the barrel a couple of days, then bottle it, and put into each bottle a tea-ſpoonful of brown ſugar. This is a cheap and wholeſome ſummer drink.

THEATRICALS.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 25. A NEW Muſical Entertainment was brought forward under the title of "ST. DAVID'S DAY; *or*, THE HONEST WELSHMAN; the ſtory of which is follows:

Owen, the "*Honeſt Welſhman*," having ſaved the life of *Young Townly* from a wreck on the coaſt, is viſited by *Old Townly*, who, it ſeems, had ſome time ago loſt a pocket-book, containing 100l., near that very ſpot. This book was found by *Owen*, who, after waiting a twelvemonth, applied it to uſes of induſtry, and acquired a comfortable poſſeſſion. Learning at length to whom the property belonged, he tenders all he has to the owner, *Old Townly*, conceiving that he was bound in juſtice to do ſo, as through that means he had acquired it. *Old Townly*, charmed by his probity, gives conſent to his ſon to marry *Ellen*, daughter to *Owen*, of whom the young man had become enamoured.

This Entertainment is the production of Mr. *Dibdin, jun.* and affords many ſpecimens of wit and humour, many excellent puns, and whimſical and ingenious alluſions. Townſhend's Welſhman is as correct, feeling, and unaffected a performance as ever was witneſſed, and he gives the dialect in its purity.

The

The Muſic is by Attwood, partly original, and partly compiled, and has great claims to approbation.

The piece has been ſeveral times ſince performed with conſiderable applauſe.

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

1. Pink muſlin gown, with ſtomacher front laced with cord; a frill of lace behind; and buttons on the ſleeves. A cap, ſmooth on the head, with a plain edging of lace in front, and trimmed full behind, hiding all the hair. Shoes blue.

2. Gown blue cambric, ſpotted muſlin; white muſlin cloak trimmed with lace; ſtraw hat turned up, tied with blue ribbons, and a wreath of roſes in front. Shoes ſtraw-coloured.

FULL DRESS.

1. Gown yellow muſlin, body plain; ſleeves plaited, with cuffs; a jacket of white muſlin trimmed with lace, and faſtened with gold buttons and belts round the waiſt; a collar of gold, edged with lace, and ſet with diamonds in front, and a gold chain round the neck. Head-dreſs: a band of yellow muſlin, trimmed with lace on the ends, the hair croſſing over it; two oſtrich feathers. Shoes white.

2. White muſlin gown, buttoned on the breaſt with gold, and trimmed with gold cord on the ſleeves and ſhoulders; the ſkirt open on the left knee, and tied with gold cord and taſſels. Yellow ſhoes. Head-dreſs: a gold net, covered behind with white muſlin, tied on the top and on the left ſide, faſtened under the chin, and flying looſe behind, with an edging of lace.

The

14
48
SEP

Afternoon Dress for May 1800.

Morning Dress for May 1800

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

TO THE TEMPLE FOUNTAIN.

BY T. P.

PEACE to thy babbling, idle Font,
And tell me, pr'ythee, haſt thou ſeen
Each lovely laſs that late was wont
To grace thy ſide with ſmiling mien?

When glancing on the Hall's extreme,
Where meet the men of law, ſo grave,
Pale Cynthia's chaſte and trembling beam
Danc'd lightly on thy rippled wave:

Or, flitting from the cloudy breeze
That ſtrove its lucid form t' enthral,
Darted atwixt the duſky trees
T' embrace thy waters as they fall.

What time,—Jove's bird repreſs'd his wing
Midway in his celeſtial flight,
To hear the pale lyre's ſilver ſtring
Swept by the fingers of the Night.

Now, pr'ythee, ceaſe thy noiſe, and tell
When didſt thou ſee that charming face
Where all the gentle virtues dwell,
Engemm'd with lovelineſs and grace?

Or that, where youth and beauty join
To point the ever-ready ſmile,
That cheers the drooping heart like wine,
And can life's thouſand cares beguile?

But chiefly that, whoſe winning mien
Spreads o'er my heart its ſoft controul;
In whoſe mild-beaming eye is ſeen
The tender texture of the ſoul?

Now, pr'ythee, idle Font, have done;
There is no muſic in that ſound:
The charm that made thee ſweet is gone,
And double darkneſs reigns around!

Nor Moon, nor Conſtellation bright,
Nor cryſtal waters' vivid play,
Can my impatient ſoul delight,
If that endearing Maid's away!

WRITTEN *immediately after Reading the Novel of* CECILIA.

BY THE SAME.

LORD! what a charming thing's a tender paſſion;
All meekneſs now, and now all deſperation;
Now ſoft and yielding as the ſummer ſea;
Now like its rocks, all ſtrength and dignity:
Of each extreme behold a ſample ſpecial,
Cull'd from the life——but life that's artificial!

CECILIA ſtands (drawn by Art's niceſt rule)
A ſtriking figure of the Novel ſchool.
She is, I think, a little too divine!
Her virtues *dazzle*:——they ſhould only *ſhine*.
Tho' ſome would boaſt, I ſtill ſhould take the change ill,
To ſee the woman loſt amid the angel!

Give me, proclaim'd in ev'ry gentle feature,
A heart reſponſive to the touch of Nature;
Fond, yet not fooliſh; ſteady, yet complying;
Convinc'd of honour, without fear relying:
Not into claſſic conteſt ſoon betray'd,
Yet underſtanding all that can be ſaid.
Would you, ye gods! grant me this little favour,
And pleaſe to d—n me if I ſhould deceive her.

SONNET.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

ON this rude Hill,* with oak and ivy crown'd,
Whose awful shade spreads o'er the vale below,
She stands——and admiration from around
Fills her glad bosom with its warmest glow.

Behind yon antique Castle's mould'ring wall
(O'er whom Time, hostile, many a year has roll'd)
The Sun descends; and once more, ere it fall,
Gilds its tall battlements with burnish'd gold.

To the sad Stockdove's heart-applauding note
Kind Echo answers from her woody cell;
And liquid strains on fragrant breezes float
From thee, sweet Philomela, in the dell.

Dear must the mem'ry of this ev'ning be;
And when she thinks on this she'll think on me!

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

A LOVER, when he first essays
A Lady's heart to gain,
A thousand tender fears betrays,
And talks of jealous pain:
All day he sighs, and sighing swears
That love, and hope, and anxious cares,
Destroy his peace, his nights molest,
And agonize his feeling breast!

If not believ'd, he ardent pays
Obedient homage still;
And ev'ry gentle grace displays
To gratify her will:
Where'er she goes, he follows true;
And if she flies him, he'll pursue;
And if she frowns, he'll still adore;
And if she scorns, he'll doat the more!

* Russell's Down, Isle of Wight.

Let her *another* kindly treat,
He ſighs in hopeleſs pain;
Let her his eyes with coldneſs meet,
And ev'ry glance diſdain:
Let her avoid him, wayward; prone
To favour all—ſave *him* alone—
Let *others* ſee her always glad;
But let *him* find her ever ſad!

Thus, would you keep a lover ſtill,
Unkind and careleſs prove;
For man is true, while treated ill;
And coldneſs foſters love!——
Spurn him with harſhneſs—and he ſighs;
Moſt ſervile, when moſt croſt:
Reward with kindneſs—and he flies;
Adore him—and he's loſt!

BRIDGET.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

YE Wits, who wield the venom'd pen,
Why thus our anger move?
You are in fault, for fickle Men
Our bane perpetual prove!

Were you content that Woman's ſhape
Should always be the ſame,
We never would ſuch monſters ape
As common ſenſe muſt blame!

But Man, capricious as the wind,
Muſt ſtill have ſomething new!
And ev'ry hour, to charm his mind,
A motley race we view.

You cannot ſay that Delia's cheeks
Are languid now, and paley,
Since oft, *without a bluſh*, ſhe ſeeks
The Paris *rouge*—of *Bailey!*

You cannot ſay, on Chloe's face
A *ſaffron* die ſhall ſhroud her,
Since, to ſupply the *lily*'s place,
She uſes *Love's pearl powder!*

You

You cannot ſay, on Daphne's breaſt
No balmy ſcent repoſes;
For ev'ry morn *that* heav'n is bleſt
With *Roſſer's milk of roſes!*

You cannot ſay, like *Spectre* thin
My Lady Charlotte dreſſes,
Since, from the *ceſtus* to the *chin*,
A ſack of wool ſhe preſſes!

She from *Ruſpini's* powder draws
A gale of fragrant breath;
And ſome have ſaid that Faſhion's laws
Beſtow new ſets of teeth!

From *Vickery* her hair ſhe buys,
Leſt gray locks ſhould diſpleaſe ye;
And ev'ry week new teints ſhe tries,
With Cupid's net, to ſeize ye!

Yet Lady Charlotte's charms, 'tis ſaid,
Still juvenile appear!
And, till the Evergreen be dead,
She'll bloom freſh ev'ry year!

EXTEMPORE,

ON MISS SALLY S——.

LET Jove approve of Pallas' face,
Let Ralph adore his Ally;
My pen ſhall flow to paint the grace
That dwells in lovely Sally!

Fair Venus' dimples in the cheek,
And Cupid loves to dally
Upon the chaſte, the ſnowy neck
Of ſweet, enchanting Sally!

The roſe and the carnation join
With lilies of the valley,
To paint your features, all divine,
My ever-pleaſing Sally!

Grant me, ye gods——I aſk but this,
But don't ſtand ſhilly-ſhally——
Grant me, I pray, the heav'nly bliſs
To live and die with Sally!

Brompton, 1800. TIMMY.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD,

Who died at the Age of Two Years. By its Parents.

BORN ſcarce to bud, grim Death's relentleſs hand
(Which neither youth, nor age, nor ſtrength withſtand)
Snatch'd the dear babe from this vain world's abode,
To live in Heav'n eternally with God!
Time was, he liv'd like thee; and time muſt be
When others thus ſhall ſtand and gaze at thee!
Supremely bleſt, if thou like him canſt ſing——
"Where is thy victory, Grave?—Death, where thy ſting?"

J. H.

STANZAS TO MARY,

On receiving from her a Complimentary Ode.

SOFT! whilſt my Muſe enraptur'd touch the lyre;
Aid me, ye heav'ns, my tranſports to proclaim;
Teach my fond pen to catch the genial fire—
To breathe the fervor of Love's glowing flame!

If e'er the Muſe, with lyric ardour fir'd,
Spake the ſoft joys which o'er my boſom roll,—
Teach me, ye gods, with ecſtaſy inſpir'd,
Teach me to breathe the raptures of my ſoul!

But, ah! how vain th' attempt!——my humble lay
Ne'er can the language of my heart repeat:
Oh! let me, yielding to her charms' ſoft ſway,
In fond devotion caſt me at her feet!

And whilſt mine eyes in ſofteſt raptures gaze
On each lov'd beauty that adorns her cheek,
Oh! let her ſmile my trembling hopes upraiſe—
Let mutual fervour in her bluſhes ſpeak!

Thus

Thus thrill'd, th' impetuous heave ſhall quick impart
Each glowing tranſport that my boſom warms!
Oh! let me claſp her to my flutt'ring heart,
And fold a heaven in my bliſsful arms!!

But, huſh!—chill Prudence whiſpers in mine ear:
I ſtart!——while trembling falls Love's unavailing tear! W. F.

LE CURÉ GOURMAND.

CONTE.

CERTAIN Curé gourmand outre-meſure,
Au lieu du lard qu'il avoit fait ſaler,
D'un mets friand voulut ſe régaler.
Fort à propos, en cette conjoncture,
Madame Alix, veuve diſcrete & mûre,
Que le Curé doucement conſoloit,
Lui fit préſent d'un beau cochon de lait.
Par deux flacons d'une large carrure,
D'un hyppocras qu'elle même avoit fait,
La veuve Alix rend le préſent complet,
En promettant un pot de confiture.
Notre Curé n'avoit pour tout valet
Qu'un jeune gars qui faiſoit ſa cuiſine:
C'etoit l'enfant de ſa chère voiſine
Que le bon homme aimoit comme ſon fils.
Dimanche arrive, & c'eſt le jour de Pâques;
Le bon Paſteur endoſſe ſon ſurplis,
Dit à l'enfant: " Ecoute, petit Jacques,
" Je vais prêcher; quand je ſerai ſorti,
" Ferme la porte, ais bien ſoin du rôti;
" Pour déjeûner, tiens, mange cette poire;
" Ces deux flacons, mets-les dans mon armoire:
" C'eſt du poiſon: prens-y bien garde au moins!
" Avant qu'il ſoit midi, je te rejoins."
Le Curé ſort; Jacquot tourne la broche,
S'ennuie & bâille; à la fin il s'endort.
Il ſe réveille en entendant la cloche:
Le rôti brûle: ah! dit-il, je ſuis mort!
Ce n'eſt plus là cette peau couleur d'or;
Voyons pourtant: il la trouve fort bonne;
De bout en bout, il pele le goret;
Il ſonge alors qu'il n'eſt vu de perſonne,
Et que le cas peut demeurer ſecret.

" Tournon

" Tournons toujours, ſe dit-il, & peut-être
" Que le rôti reprendra ſa couleur."
Il ſe raſſure, il tourne avec ardeur:
Mais tout va mal: " j'entens venir mon maître
" Il ne voudra jamais me pardonner;
" Je ſuis perdu! je vais m'empoiſſonner."
Il dit, & vuide un flacon d'une haleine:
Il ne meurt point; l'autre bouteille eſt pleine:
Dans ſon tranſport, il l'avale ſoudain.
Le Curé vient. " Qu'as-tu fait, miſerable?
" Mon rôt brûlé! butor! enfant du diable!
" Tu ne mourras, pendard, que de ma main;
" Dis ton *Salve*, c'eſt ta dernière antienne;
" En t'etranglant, je me ferai raiſon."
——Ah! monſeigneur, n'en prenez pas la peine:
Je vais mourir, j'ai pris tout le poiſon.

MUSIDORUS.

TO ELIZA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

WILL Eliza accept from a heart-flowing Muſe—
A Muſe that delights to addreſs her—
A wiſh,—that, in every year of her life,
The gods may continue to bleſs her!

Already, my Charmer, ſee what they have done,
Nor think that I flatter, my love;
They've giv'n thee Beauty, have giv'n thee Senſe,
And the Softneſs of Venus's Dove!—

A Talent to learn what is uſeful to know—
A Voice ever ſoothing and ſweet—
A Form that the Graces might ſay was their own—
A Mind with good-humour replete!

Of ſuch bleſſings poſſeſs'd, ah! how bliſsful thy lot!
Ah! how bliſsful the man's, who ſhall prove
Himſelf worthy to call thee his Friend, and his Wife,
And the choice of that treaſure,—thy love!

Ah were it my fate!——with what delicate care
Would I ſtrive ev'ry ill to avert;
And with fondeſt attention prevent ev'ry wiſh,
While I ſhield thee from ought that can hurt!

May

May the man whom for life you ſelect as your own
Be ev'ry way worthy your love!
May he feel all the warmth that now glows in my breaſt,
But never my wretchedneſs prove!

AN ANALOGY.

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFECT.

DID the tear of ſoft joy, like the drop from a roſe,
Shine penſive on Emily's cheek,
When Corydon early forſook his repoſe
The Maid of his boſom to ſeek?

In an eglantine ſhade, at the foot of a hill,
Where ſhrubs in profuſion expand,
The boſom of Æther with odours to fill,
The Fair one accepted his hand.

Affection ſo mutual reſembled the Spring
When inveſting with verdure the ſoil;
Refreſhing as dew, whoſe deſcenſion can bring
From each plant a Promethean ſmile!

RECEIPT FOR MODERN ROMANCES.

BY THE SAME.

MUCH ſighing and whining, a pitiful diſh!
Two parties obſtructed in all they can wiſh;
Be this th' exordium.——Let Cupid come next,
And let the fond lovers be mutually vext.
To cloſe the dear Novel,—let Hymen come in
(For Romances without him would finiſh in ſin);
Then light up his torch, and the period draw
That ſanctifies Love both by Nature and Law!

ACROS-

ACROSTIC.

To the Beauteous and Amiable Miſs MARY WILMOT.

MARY, tho' I'm doom'd to languiſh—
A h! tho' *no* relief I ſee;
R ack'd with ſorrow!—torn with anguiſh!—
Y et my ſoul ſhall cling to thee!

W hy did e'er theſe eyes behold you
I n your charmful beauties dreſt?——
L ur'd to *Love*—too ſoon they told you
M ary triumph'd o'er my breaſt!
O h! may *thy* boſom never prove
T he pang—like mine—of *hopeleſs love!!*

April 21, 1800. W. F.

SONNET.

ONCE more in glowing teints all Nature ſmiles;
The feather'd ſongſter now is on the wing,
And with his tuneful notes each hour beguiles,
Cheer'd by the beauty of returning Spring.

Oft have I liſten'd, with a willing ear,
To the loud echo of the neighb'ring grove;
Strolled to ſpots where village ſwains appear,
And view'd the harmony of rural love.

But not to me theſe ſweets now yield relief;
Weary and faint, with ling'ring ſteps I ſtray,
My youthful mind oppreſs'd with heavy grief,
While chilling Poverty obſtructs my way!

Yet rouſe, my heart!——nor yield to black Deſpair;
Bright Fortitude ſupports thee in the pain,
And Hope forbids thee to acknowledge Care,
For ſoon thy abſent joys ſhall come again!

S. W.

LINES

LINES

Written under the Miniature of a Young Lady, painted by Mr. *Daniel*, of Bath.

WITH modeſt mien and pleaſing face
This lovely girl's pourtray'd;
Art has not here beſtow'd one grace
Not own'd by this fair Maid.

Yet ſtill more kind hath Nature been,
Beyond the pow'r of Art;
For every virtue dwells within
Her faithful, feeling heart. T. M.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES, &c.

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Biſhoprick.
Charade II.——Button.
Charade III.——Spy-glaſs.
Charade IV.——Helpmate.
Riddle.——The Moon.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY Firſt may clearly be deſcry'd
In ev'ry city, town, or hamlet;
My Second's of my Firſt the pride,
Or deck'd in ſilk, or lowly camblet:
He who my Total can acquire
May think himſelf completely happy,
" And ſit beſide his cheerful fire,
" And laugh, and joke, and take his nappy."

CHARADE II.

MY Firſt is ever briſk, you'll ſay,
Good-humour'd, free, and jolly;
My Second, too, is ſometimes gay,
And ſometimes melancholy:
Ladies, my Total to deſcribe,
Your brain you need not harrow,
For 'tis in all the feather'd tribe,
From th' eagle to the ſparrow.

A RIDDLE,

A RIDDLE,

Addreſſed to a Young Lady.

WHENEVER, Amanda, I happen to trace
My Riddle's effect by a ſigh,
I fancy I ſee a new charm in thy face,
And read a new grace in thy eye.

Like the vi'let, Amanda, impearled with dew,
It then ſtill more lovely appears!—
Ah! could I but take the impreſſion from you,
In ſorrow I'd ſpend all my years!

W. W.

To Correſpondents, &c.

The Inſpector, No. 111., is deferred; both the ſubject and the ſtyle being rather too luxuriant *for our Muſeum. Againſt the* ſatire *of the Inſpector, our Fair Correſpondents, we know, are able to defend themſelves; but from what may, in remoteſt poſſibility, tend to infuſe improper ideas in the Female mind, it is the Editor's duty and determination to defend his Readers. That the Inſpector's Eſſay, alluded to, profeſſes to be* cautionary *againſt the dangers of the May-month, does not, in our opinion, at all leſſen the impropriety there would be in printing it.*

The Original Letter tranſmitted by Alphonſo *is not conſidered as proper for inſertion.*

The Editor never ſaw the Letter ſigned "A Friend to Church and State;" *but from this Signature he concludes that the ſubject of it muſt have been inapplicable to our Plan.*

Leon's *Blank Epigrams are not approved of.*

We cannot inſert any French Verſes *that are not* fairly written, *and* properly punctuated.

Many Poetical Contributions are deferred for want of room.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

COUNTESS OF DERBY

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